22 October 1976 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESM

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS NUMBER

Ambassador College
DEC 02 1976
LIBRARY

Richard Kershaw: Rhodesia
Robert Skidelsky on Import Controls
Student Politics in Shanghai
Arthur Marshall on Noël Coward
Robert Melville: David Hockney's Naked Youth
M. C. Bradbrook on Edith Evans
Yevtushenko's Poetry Reading
John Carey Mary Ellmann Claire Tomalin

Freedom from Ignorance

The cries of indignation and anguish from the teachers' unions which followed the disclosure of the Department of Education's 'Yellow Book' on the state of schooling and their injured response to Mr Callaghan's speech at Oxford were all too predictable. The 100-year-old traditions of British education – the arbitrary diktats on children's dress, the playground white lines that parents must not cross, the paranoia about outside criticism – represent the power of a profession that has grown too arrogant and irresponsible. The teachers' old refrain that, during the school day, they are 'in loco parentis' is indeed appropriate – in place of, not in partnership with, parents.

Past governments have tried and failed abysmally to curb teacher power. In 1962, Sir David (now Lord) Eccles tried to establish a Curriculum Study Group to represent the public interest on the content of schooling. The outcome, after pressure from educational vested interests, was a Schools Council, on which the teachers' unions have a majority and other interests, such as industry and the trades unions, a mere token representation. There are several good reasons why the present Administration must succeed where Lord Eccles failed. First, the evidence from universities, colleges and employers that school-leavers lack basic skills can no longer be ignored. Significantly, the National Union of Teachers refuses to confront this evidence.

Instead, it takes refuge in alternative evidence of increased entries and passes in examinations that have dubious relevance to pupils' post-school needs. Second, in a society where formal educational qualifications (rightly or wrongly) determine access to nearly every professional and middle-class occupation, the schools are the greatest single influence on a citizen's life-chances. Third, the growth of new school subjects – social studies, community work, health education, computing, environmental education, even pop music and thinking – suggests that it is time for someone to distinguish the important from the less important subjects. Fourth, the divisions within the teaching profession itself about what should be taught and how it should be taught – divisions that have torn apart schools like Risinghill in London, Summerhill in Aberdeen and, latterly, William Tyndale – invite the intervention of some outside arbiter. Finally, the new, relative prosperity of teachers, in the wake of the Houghton salary rises of 1974, means that, now society is paying them the rate for the job, society is entitled to demand the job for the rate.

There is no suggestion, either from Mr Callaghan or from the DES, that education authorities should follow the example of Continental countries and prescribe a curriculum covering every minute of the school day, even down to the textbooks that teachers may use. The freedom of individual schools to experiment with new ideas and new techniques is one of the glories of British education. But that freedom must not be indulged to the extent of denying children their birthright: the ability to read, write and speak their own language, the opportunity to master another language, the capacity to understand the science and mathematics that permeate the world in which they live. These are skills in which too many school-leavers are still deplorably deficient and these should be the concern of a common curriculum, stating, with precision, the minimum standards that 11 and 16-year-olds should achieve.

There is a danger that socialists will dismiss the current concern with educational standards as a victory for the Right, as an admission that, in schools, the facts of life are Tory. It is perhaps true that the Right, motivated by its ideological opposition to the reform of secondary education and its fears for the future of the private sector, has been quicker than the Left to spot recent shortcomings in state schooling. But to admit some aspects of the Tories' diagnosis is not to admit their prescriptions – the reintroduction of early selection, the restoration of grammar schools and the reinvigoration of the private sector. If anyone doubts that a firm grip ought to be taken on state education, they should reflect on the feast that Dr Rhodes Boyson and his Black Paper vultures would make of a discredited comprehensive school system.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Mr Callaghan's Energy Gap

Does Labour face an Energy Gap? I am not referring to the plutonium economy, or to that great Alternative Strategy, the plutonium-bennium economy. The question is: who will succeed the present generation of senior citizens in the Cabinet? Jim Callaghan (64) may have a lot of kick in him, and may intend to continue as he is for the next decade and a half. But suppose the blind Fury with the abhorred shears came along and slit the thin-spun life? What then? Callaghan is not exactly surrounded with talent of his own age-group. Some like Barbara Castle (65) have been kicked out. Others like Ted Short (63) have been lured away by bunce. Of Wilson's 1964 cabinet only two members remain. I now pause for a moment while you guess which they are.

You were right first time: Lord Peart (62) and Denis Healey (59). Of these, Lord Peart is the better bet for survival. Indeed, he is the only English politician with that Chinese quality of hanging on at all costs. Not all the wall-posters of Shanghai could budge Lord Peart from office. I should say he has another 20 years to look forward to, at the very least. Healey, on the other hand, is in a most interesting dilemma: in four or five years, he may well have worked his way back into favour with the PLP and the party as a whole. At the moment, and in the near future, he is out of the leadership stakes.

The remaining sexagenarians are Harold Lever (62), Lord Elwyn-Jones (66) and Michael Foot (63). Only the last concerns us. It is doubtful whether Foot would wish to stand again for the leadership, but, if he did, his only chance of success would lie in the forging of Callaghan's will. We therefore move down into the Fifties, and it is here that the energy gap, if it exists, is to be found.

The senior members of the Fifties Group are Healey, Tony Crosland (58) and Fred Mulley (58). I don't think Mulley counts. Crosland however is in worse shape, in a way, than Healey. For if Healey's stock is low, this is partly because a large number of MPs fear that he has lost his judgment. They admit, however, that he is *energetically* wrong. Crosland on the other hand seems to have lost his fight. Even the most devoted Croslandites recognise this – some of them indeed are his sternest critics. At the 55 mark we come to Merlyn Rees and Edmund Dell. Rees is the one to watch: on the demise or retirement of Callaghan he would be the king-maker, but not, I think, the king. His job would be to deliver the Callaghan votes, after which I predict a brilliant future for him as Leader of the House. Proceeding down the list, we stop to nod in the direction of David Ennals (54), cast a wary glance at John Silkin (53), blow a raspberry at Reg Prentice (53) and give a warm handshake, a cheerful hello, half a tandoori chicken (on the bone) and a plateful of bhindi ghosht to Stan Orme (also 53). We are now on the other side of the Energy Gap (if, as I say, it exists – but it looks very much as if it does), having reached Peter Shore (52) and the second Viscount Stansgate (a mere 51).

Not many left-wingers, are there? And there is worse to come, for if you look at the profile of the Forties Group you find – aaargh! – my friend Roy Hattersley (43), Bill Rodgers (47) and Shirley Williams (46). These are the Cattermole generation, so named after a certain Jim Cattermole who as East Midlands Regional Organiser and stalwart of the Campaign for Democratic Socialism was responsible for a large transfusion of right-wingery into Labour's bloodstream. Not all the Cattermole birds have come home to roost: remember Dick Taverne? But there are enough around to do quite a bit of mischief. Cattermole's wife, by the way, Dr Joan Mitchell, advised Shirley Williams at Prices. Nothing sinister about that. I just mention the fact before disposing of the rest of the Cabinet: Albert Booth (48), Bruce Millan (49), John Morris (44) and Eric Varley (44). I asked a right-winger recently about Varley. Hadn't there been lots of talk about him being Wilson's successor? Oh yes, he said, but all that was BC – Before Chrysler.

Now it probably suits Jim Callaghan very nicely to be without any immediate rival for the leadership. But let us look at what this list reveals about the often-mentioned power of the Left. On any projection for the future, it would be difficult to muster much of an experienced left-wing government. Some have resigned. Some remain shamefully excluded from power. For instance Judith Hart (52) is probably the best politician not in the Government. It is said that the reason she earned Callaghan's undying hatred was her ingenuity in getting humanitarian aid to North Vietnam via UNICEF. Rather a fine way to go, that – standing up to Dr Kissinger. I have been reading the second volume of the Crossman *Diaries* recently, and Judith Hart comes very well out of it. One person who does not do so well (if I may give a sneak preview) is Tony Benn. Listen:

> Tony Crosland is proving himself a jolly good departmental minister, but in cabinet he's curiously lightweight; Tony Wedgwood Benn, one of our two bright young men [the other was Richard Marsh] is a complete flop. So far he hardly ever speaks at all and when he does he doesn't carry very much weight.

If it took ten years and a long march through the institutions to fashion the Tony Benn of today, who are the Tony Benns of tomorrow, and what are they up to? It seems to me that the Energy Gap on the Left is far more serious than that on the Right. If they are determined to remain Labour's loyal Opposition, that is one thing. If they are not, then it's quite another thing. Take Neil Kinnock (34), the most popular boy in the school. Kinnock was offered the government job that Bob Cryer finally took. The fact that he spent a few minutes thinking about it before turning it down may indicate that he is not entirely opposed to being associated with the present Government. What then were his motives for refusal? He is known (and in some quarters rather suspected) as an ambitious politician. He has two ways forward: the Long March (which he appears to have rejected) and the Wait for the Call.

There's one thing wrong with waiting for the call (apart from the possibility that the call may never come): you have to stake everything on an untried reputation. If Kinnock wants to inherit the mantle of Michael Foot, and to enter office as leader of the Left, he may well find himself outflanked by someone who *has* in fact done the donkey work, and is known as a capable minister. Kinnock has a lot going for him. Not least of the qualities which make him an appealing spokesman for the *Tribune* spirit is the deep distrust he has for Tony Benn. The Left in the PLP will have little choice but to make Benn their candidate next time round. That does not mean that they *like* him very much. Nor does Benn necessarily *like* the *Tribune* Group. He does not want the Left/Right division in the party to remain static – he wants, as the French say, to shuffle the cards (*brouiller les cartes*). For if the next election of the Leader is done by the PLP, Benn must try to become the candidate of the Centre. If the system is changed, of course, and the party elects the leader, Benn is more or less home and dry.

More or less. There remains the intriguing figure of Peter Shore. The rumblings of respect for Shore which I reported from Westminster last week have continued. Shore is the sort of figure who is seldom spoken of until suddenly, as in the Common Market campaign, he bursts into flames for a while. At the moment he appears to be quietly smouldering, like those autumnal bonfires up and down the country. But wait for the next wind. He may well burst into flames again. The embers are there, they lie very deep, and they are very hot.

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 92 No 2379
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1976
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £12.50 Overseas £14 USA $30
By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to the Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Kershaw

Rhodesia: The Buck Stops

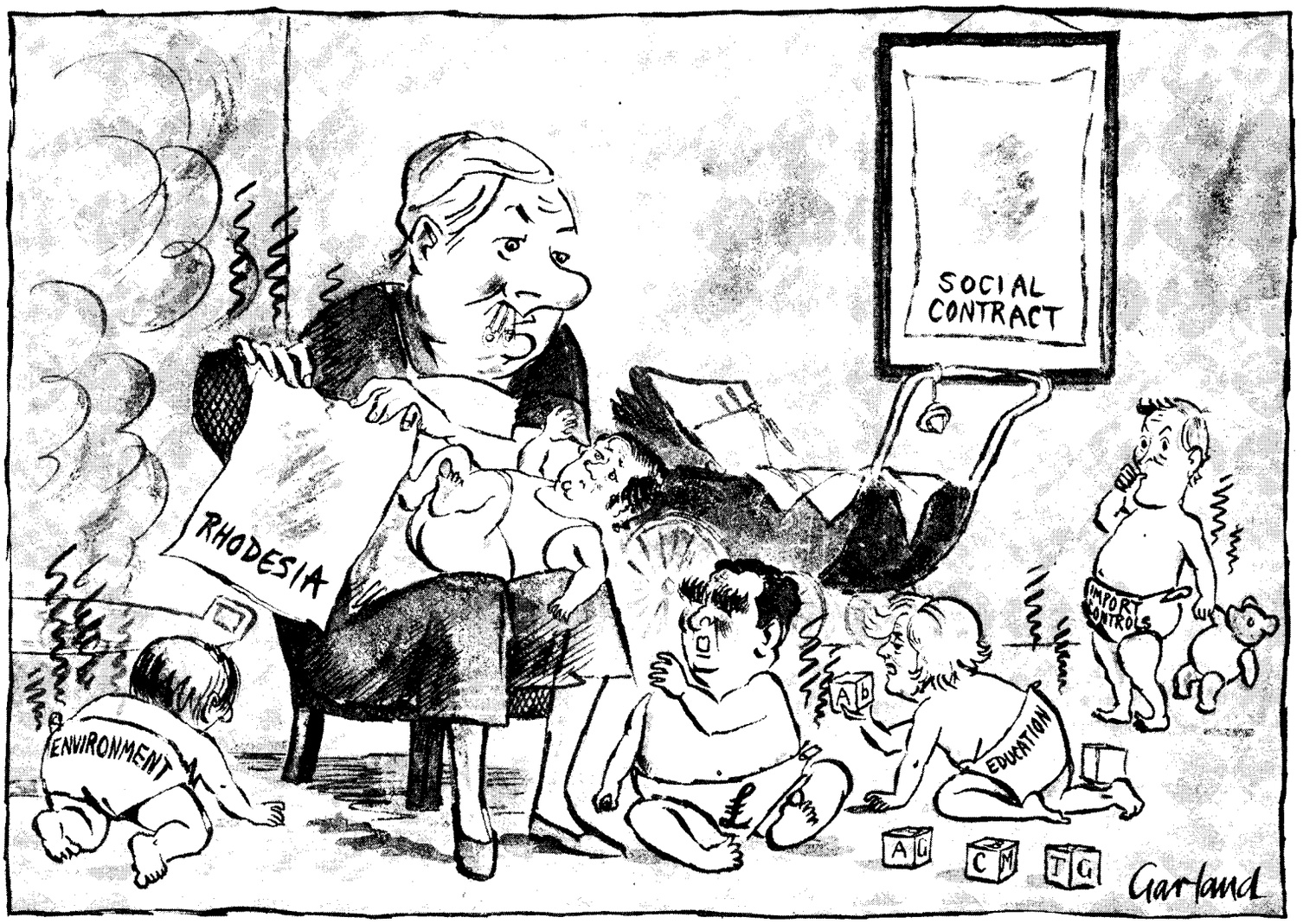
The announcement of monster delegations by all parties to the Rhodesian conference in Geneva, which formally opens next Thursday, has at least ensured catholicity to this bizarre meeting and made it less likely that any agreement reached by it can be scuppered by accusations that it was not representative. But quite how dangerous the marathon run to a Rhodesian settlement has become in its terminal stages does not seem to have been realised. Dangerous, that is, to Britain as well as to the black and (hopefully) white people who are going to be living in Zimbabwe in the future.

Despite the tribute from Mr Crosland to Dr Kissinger's role in getting things moving, the latter in fact came into this marathon when the shape of the race was already largely decided – so to speak, at mile 22 – and apparently left it again very shortly with only one vital and tangible result: that Mr Ian Smith had said that he would not be able to carry on, and that he was prepared to negotiate a transfer to full majority rule.

Otherwise Dr Kissinger left a set of obstacles, some of them new and caused by his own diplomacy, which Geneva may show to be insurmountable. Britain is firmly back on the hook of responsibility-without-power; and either the white, or the black, or both sides, are very likely to drag us in deeper during the Geneva conference. If that fails, it may be impossible for Britain to avoid far more active involvement than any British cabinet could relish.

Although Dr Kissinger won his acclaimed statement from Mr Smith, he left Britain not only with the headache of working out the details but also with a diplomatic time-bomb. Despite the apparent clarity of the terms of Mr Smith's 'surrender' four weeks ago, the way he was induced to make it left loopholes too wide for any certainty that it will stick. And this time – unlike the occasions in the past when Mr Wilson or Lord Goodman's divorce settlements with Rhodesia came unstuck (which left things exactly where they were) – not only the Africans but Mr Smith himself may well end up by throwing the whole responsibility back to Britain. Already the African side has forced the British Government to take not only the chair in Geneva, but the responsibility also for deciding which delegations are to be invited. And protestations from the British Government that its only constitutional role now (aside from good offices and honest broking) is to legislate to establish legal interim, and then independent, governments for Rhodesia cannot remove the millstone of British sovereignty.

Dr Kissinger's diplomacy had a prime purpose, and it was achieved: to get Ian Smith to accept that the UDI game was over, and to force this acceptance through the Rhodesia Front cabinet and caucus without white rebellion. To this end Smith was allowed to make his own announcement of surrender, and therefore to put his own gloss upon the terms which, like the first layer of varnish on new wood, is the one most difficult to remove. But in his negotiations and peregrinations, Dr Kissinger did not bring the black and white sides together. African acceptance of what Mr Smith was going to say in his surrender statement was *not* gained. This has been confirmed by President Julius Nyerere (most clearly in a BBC *Panorama* interview he gave immediately after Mr Smith's speech). Subsequently Dr Kissinger's deputy, Mr William Rogers, confirmed that what Ian Smith thought was a tightly-sewn package had *not* received the agreement of the so-called 'front-line' African Presidents from



22 Dirty Nappies Exhibited at a London Gallery (News item)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose territory guerrilla war was being, or would be, waged into Rhodesia.

In truth, Dr Kissinger concentrated his diplomacy on the white side of the equation, and it is easy to see why he did so: the white side holds power at present, not the black. The intention was to end that power (as the intention in the Vietnam settlement had been to withdraw American troops and not to guarantee the impossible – a democratic and non-communist regime). The only lever that could operate on Rhodesia was in the hands of South Africa, another white government.

It is also easy to see what the gains of a 'voluntary' abandonment of white rule in Rhodesia would be to the West: the end of an already vicious guerrilla war which, as in Angola, seemed bound to involve external communist-bloc forces; time to sort out Namibian independence, and even to establish a new relationship with the real bastion of white rule, South Africa. Positively, there was the real hope that many of the things most worth preserving in Rhodesia itself could be retained by encouraging enough white settlers to stay, rather than cutting-and-running as they did in the Congo or Angola.

Dr Kissinger achieved his aim, and in a sense it is irreversible: having said the alternative to majority rule is untenable for white Rhodesia, Mr Smith cannot now unsay it. Nor can anything now persuade South Africa, which duly applied the pressure needed on Mr Smith, to change its mind and revert to a hopeless attempt to prop up white Rhodesia for ever.

But this is where doubts arise about the apparent sleight-of-hand in Dr Kissinger's diplomacy. In his speech, which was the first announcement of the results of the Kissinger mission, Ian Smith first gave his gloss upon what had been 'agreed'. Then he read out six points, having firmly said that these were the terms put to him by Dr Kissinger, and that these were the actual terms which he was accepting with the backing of his cabinet. The same day in London, Dr Kissinger admitted to a questioner at his joint press conference with Mr Crosland that he had presented his proposals on paper so that there would be less chance of subsequent misunderstanding. There has been no denial that what Mr Smith read out was an accurate repetition of what had been given to him on paper.

Now, it may seem casuistical to insist on textual veracities after all the twists and turns of Mr Smith's past in negotiation with Britain and others. But if that document *was* what Mr Smith agreed to, and if (as President Nyerere confirms) that document was in no way agreed by the African side in the shape of either the front-line Presidents or the main Rhodesian nationalist parties, then the black and white positions are so far apart that only one gain has been achieved so far – the fact that all the delegations are arriving in Geneva.

Britain, therefore, though entirely justified in hoping that the black and white sides will work out the terms for living together in Rhodesia, now has a conference at which its own chairmanship is the one single decided fact. Mr Smith (now with public South African backing) says he is only coming to work out the details of a pre-agreed package. The competing jumble of African delegations, on the other hand, says that nothing is pre-agreed. They can each be happy with their interpretation but they cannot both be right. And Britain, as chairman, is going to be left with the pieces if compromise cannot be found. The competing nature of the African delegations makes agreement most unlikely, without a much greater retreat by Mr Smith than can be expected.

The conference will open with a general hope for success. But, if it breaks down, what then? The Africans already demand that Britain exercise its constitutional responsibility. Is it too much to suppose that Ian Smith, faced by an unwinnable guerrilla war as an alternative, might do the same if the conference fails – give up UDI, and leave Britain with the one thing it does not want, and could not handle? It will not, after all, be the first time that Dr Kissinger has left his supposed negotiating partners in the lurch.

Alexander Cockburn

Pestilence and the President

Bizarre incidentals of this year's political campaigns in America – such as General George S. Brown's soldierly remarks about Israel and Britain – constantly divert attention, but there are motifs sometimes sinister and sometimes hilarious which have sounded consistently over the long months: few more significant than those of disease, poison and death.

Since the start of the year Americans have been confronted with increasing brusqueness by the environmental realities of late capitalism. In many states in the Union politicians have battled over the issue of nuclear pollution and safety and made it a central part of their campaigning strategies. On the Eastern Seaboard the citizenry now faces the reality of off-shore oil drilling and the imminent arrival of tankers full of devastatingly explosive liquid natural gas. Californians are in a state of revolt over the impending importation of Alaskan oil, further polluting their foul skies as it is unloaded and refined. The Allied Chemical Company has just been fined $13m. for poisoning a Virginia river with kepone. The Hudson river is more or less permanently fouled with PCBS.

'I lust after the ethnic vote,' said the Cheshire Cat, 'but God will forgive me.'

An epidemiological mystery story further concentrated attention on the perils of modern life. Earlier this year some American veterans attending a convention in Philadelphia fell ill and over 20 of them died from an unknown ailment. The mighty resources of American medical technology were marshalled to detect the offending virus. All such efforts failed because, it now seems, the assumptions of the detectives were wrong. 'Legionaires disease' did not stem from a virus but from one of the many thousands of toxins hovering in the air of bicentennial Philadelphia.

'Legionaires disease' never really became political. Such was not the case with swine flu, otherwise known as New Jersey/76. The swine flu saga most clearly symbolises the political modalities of disease and health in an election year. In January some recruits at the military training camp of Fort Dix in New Jersey fell ill from what was construed to be some form of cold virus. Briefly, thereafter one recruit called David Lewis defied sickness and marched five miles to a target site, in order to complete his course of basic training. Halfway back to quarters he collapsed and died two hours later from pneumonia. Tissue from his lungs yielded up the first and last recognisable sample of New Jersey/76 swine virus.

Analysts at the Communicable Disease Centre in Atlanta then concluded that swine flu had spread from pig to man and thence – for the first time – from man to men. Believing that swine virus had been responsible for the great flu plague of 1918-19, which killed 20 million people round the world and half-a-million Americans, officials of the CDC hastened to Washington. At the end of March President Ford announced a national vaccination programme costing $130m.

For complex reasons of health bureaucracy politics the CDC officials were delighted to be executing a national immunisation programme. President Ford was delighted to be visibly protecting the health of the American people. The pharmaceutical companies manufacturing the vaccine were pleased enough to be involved in the exercise, while adroitly transferring all problems of insurance and legal liability to the Federal Government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was only one problem. Since the death of David Lewis New Jersey/76 has never reappeared. There is little or no evidence to connect swine flu (to which New Jersey/76 is related) with the great pestilence of 1918-19. There is grave question whether any flu vaccine has any more than 30 per cent effectiveness and indeed whether its administration on a mass level does not render the populace actually more vulnerable to subsequent flu epidemics. It now turns out that the vaccine developed by the four drug companies involved lacks an important protective ingredient.

Aside from such worrisome questions, Ford's bid to be protector of his country has turned out, politically, to be an appointment in Samarra. A small number of senior citizens receiving the first of the 200 million vaccine-prepared doses have died within hours of their shots. Such deaths, excluding the possibility of contaminants, may have been statistically inevitable – mere coincidence – but the publicity effects for President Ford have not been benevolent.

This plague-scare – for it is possible that New Jersey/76 will not be heard of again – has been enacted against a background of permanent epidemic in American society. Some 14,000 individuals are killed each year in work accidents. Over 2.2 million are either permanently or temporarily disabled as a result of work accidents and occupational disease. Some half-a-million workers come down with occupational diseases each year. The US Department of Labour has stated that at least 25 million injuries and deaths go uncounted each year. And the total budget for both research and enforcement in the area of occupational health each year ($170m.) is little more than the spasmodic outlay for the mass vaccination programme for the menace of New Jersey/76.

The fuss over swine flu becomes even more ludicrous in the light of present scientific estimates that anything from 60 to 90 per cent of all cancer in America is environmentally caused. In this context it is worth noting that '15,000 toxic chemical and physical agents are now in use in industry, and more than 3,000 new chemicals are introduced into industry each year. Of these 15,000 toxic chemicals and agents legal exposure standards now exist for rather less than 500.

The killers in modern America are cancer and hypertension and coronary artery disease, 20th-century substitutes for typhoid, cholera and other infectious plagues eradicated in the West by 19th-century programmes of public sanitation. Yet although all the evidence suggests that American death certificates are inscribed in the air, the water, the food, and above all the factories and industrial centres, the official medical and political response has been to seek the offender in an alien, mysterious virus.

Nixon rained useless bombs on Cambodia. Ford and his advisers have risen up against the facts of death in America in a comical, yet ghastly, parody of this strategy. Choked with the familiar poison of the American environment, they have proffered fistfuls of cash to the drug companies and shouted with one accord: 'Death to the alien germ!' It is an appropriately symbolic response in this electoral season.

New York

Phillip Whitehead

The Perils of PR

When democracies cannot deliver they are said to be ungovernable. The keepers of constitutions share the fate of the bringers of bad news. It is not surprising therefore to find that the well-breeched National Campaign for Electoral Reform is stepping up its activities, in line with the current coalitionist talk. What is surprising is to find worried social democrats scurrying into the same camp. Those who seek the apparent stability of a PR system will find they have been paid in fool's gold. Their freedom of action, their clarity of appeal, their commitment to promises of reform; all will be curtailed. And the problems will just go marching on.

For years we have been told by the Liberal Party that PR was the remedy to the under-representation of a minority party. Now we are being told that it is the last bastion against the over-representation of a minority party, the SNP. That the SNP is regional and the Liberal Party UK-based will square this circle for some – until the third party in English constituencies becomes the National Front, or some other coalition of the neo-fascist Right! On the day they qualify for the quota, in whatever form, the moderates may sit up and take notice. This is why giving John Mackintosh and his friends what they think they want to preserve – the Labour Party and the Union in Scotland – may have incalculable consequences for the Labour Party in the United Kingdom so preserved.

In arguing for electoral reform recently, the Hansard Society kept carefully away from scares. They preferred to say that in Britain 'alternating single-party governments have during the past few years produced a series of abrupt and unsettling reversals of policy', each at the behest of the largest minority of the day. In Scotland and Wales, where the constitutional issue is paramount, that minority might use power unilaterally to alter the basis of the state. Accepting that almost all electoral systems have a certain bias to the larger parties, and that ours eschews coalition and provides direct single-member representation for every constituent, the Hansard seers nevertheless opted for a form of PR. If the largest organised minority has less than 40 per cent of the votes – as by a curious coincidence Labour has – then we have broken through some sort of fairness barrier, recognised when a quarter of the electorate no longer votes for either of the two big parties. Meanwhile, in their growing instability, those parties will give 'undue weight to their extreme wings'.

There followed an ingenious proposal. It kept some of the advantages of our present system by retaining 480 single-member constituencies. A further 160 seats were to be allocated proportionally, within agreed regions, to the candidates who had got the highest proportion of the vote without being elected – thus avoiding the dreaded list system, with its increased power for the party caucus. But the Hansard Society gave equal prominence to a system of a single-transferable vote in multi-member constituencies, the STV much beloved of PR enthusiasts and already used in Northern Ireland and in some European countries. It is this latter for which the coalitionists will be calling, and this is no arid academic exercise. The devolved assemblies, and the European Parliament, have to be elected in the next few years. What is adopted there can hardly be denied to Westminster.

We should give this wonder elixir of democracies careful analysis. Forms of PR can be prayed in aid to suit all causes. Why does Mayor Daley favour it in Cook County, where Illinois is one of the few American states to use it? Can it be said to eliminate the possibility of a party with a minority of the votes getting a majority of the seats, when exactly this has happened in the Irish Republic as well as here? Are the big parties in our system really controlled by their extremists, when both are in fact coalitions themselves, and perceived to be by the voter? Is not this system in any case 'fairer' in that it gives a wider section of the political spectrum both power and responsibility than the 40-odd coalitions manufactured under PR in Italy, all of which have excluded the Communists from government? While PR does not necessarily lead to the fragmentation of parties on the Dutch model (Austria still has two, as opposed to the two big/more little British and Canadian non-PR systems) it will be likely to encourage what is already a British tendency.

And it is here that we should turn the coalitionist argument on its head. Scarcely any parliamentary systems have natural overall voting majorities; the largest minority is over-rewarded to form a government with a legislative majority. What is fair about neutering that largest minority? How is the voter better served by coalitions jobbed together after elections, dependent on the whim of hungry office-holders, large parties reduced to touts, small parties to

This America

☐ A crowd of 40,000 watched the pilot who dropped the first A-bomb on Hiroshima re-enact his mission in Harlingen, Texas. It was a fund-raiser for a group that preserves World War II airplanes. Paul Tibbets, now 61, made a pass over the target area and opened the B-29's bomb bay doors as demolition experts on the ground triggered an explosion, sending up a mushroom-shaped cloud. – *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* (David C. Speedie)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

harlotry, than by choosing the people and platforms and programmes which he can hold accountable for the next four years? Can any fancy franchise designed to keep out the extremists do more than frustrate them for a season and increase their wrath? It has not fallen out so in Northern Ireland. Rewriting the electoral system in Scotland would not in itself hold back the SNP. They have to be fought on the advantages of a federal United Kingdom, not given an excuse to cry foul once more.

Labour must think hard about any system which is likely to break up its own coalition of interests and aims, and deny it and the masses who support it a clear programme of its own devising, which the electorate can accept or reject as it chooses. Social democrats should ponder whether they want the supine Saragat-style haven that would be their prize. Yes, it works in Germany. But the German electoral system works because Germany works, not the other way round. It is no cure for the British malaise to pretend that we can alter the rules so that Great Britain Ltd can come bounding on stage to universal applause. The PR campaign recalls the old gibe against psychoanalysis – that it is the only disease to mistake itself for its cure. The disintegration of Britain must be avoided by other means.

Paul Murray

The Jobless Youth Trap

'I go thieving,' said Alan, 'and I'll go on doing it till I get a job.' Unemployed for nine months and aged 17, he's had two jobs – both at £14 a week. Made redundant at one, he lost the other for 'fighting this other lad who kept picking on me'. By the time he's paid his Mum and his bike H.P. he's got 50p left of his £7.70 social security. 'I go out with two mates. Break into a shop – we may get about £60 for a stereogram. We make about £18 a week each like that. My Mum says I could get a job anytime, so she's always nagging.'

The legends of 'workshy' Albert Thorogood and Derek '£36,000' Deevy die hard with working parents – perhaps a little too hard when 92 youngsters are chasing each vacancy in Liverpool. Nearly half of the Merseyside Special Development Area's total – the highest percentage of unemployed in Britain – are under 25. (The army benefits. Juniors' applications are up 43 per cent in Liverpool.) The young jobless like Alan quickly lose hope – they have no past achievements, and are anyway sensitive to rejection. So much is common ground, trod by Employment Secretary Albert Booth and James Callaghan alike. But, however sympathetic the Government may be, it has cast itself in an impotent role – doing too few of the right things, like Job Creation, for the wrong reasons. Even the Prime Minister at Oxford this week seemed to misunderstand the problem's permanence: it is structural as much as cyclical. Well before the present recession, the young as a proportion of the unemployed rose throughout Europe from 1970 – with the sole exception of Britain in 1973, due to the raising of the school-leaving age. The proportion of unemployed under-25s is likely to exceed 35 per cent in the New Year. Yet they are a mere 18 per cent of the working population.

The European Commission has already pointed to the 'danger of the development of a hard-core of long-term unemployed young'. One in six of British jobless youths have been laid up for over six months. Many youth workers are in no doubt that one implication of long periods of unemployment is increased juvenile crime; £7.70 doesn't go a long way in the supposed inessentials of fashion, transport, cigarettes, drink and records. The idleness and inability to spend are doubly frustrating. In most British cities there's very little to do that doesn't cost money.

Mr Callaghan's analysis relies on a cyclical decline in the general level of unemployment. His only recognition of the structural problems of the young appears to be confined to 'hard thinking about the difficult transition from the world of school to the world of work'. It's true that educational systems have failed industry – our levels of technical education started to diverge from Germany's, for example, as long ago as the turn of the century – and it's true that the CBI are worried about school-leavers' lack of basic skills. It would undoubtedly be a benefit if (as Mr Callaghan suggested) schools were actually to teach reading, writing and arithmetic. Not to mention the finer arts of self-defence, like filling in tax forms. But there are more fundamental factors involved than a few unworldly pedagogues may choose to recognise.

Women, for a start. Superwoman has in recent years come out hunting for jobs. Because she's altogether more reliable, productive, punctual and not half as fussy, she's taken many of the jobs that would have gone to young people entering the market. And the young no longer compensate by being cheap. Their competitive edge has been blunted by the narrowing of differentials and larger national insurance contributions. Further, the Department of Employment predict another 1¼ million women wanting work by 1991. (Fewer will retire, too.) Female attitudes to work and the home are changing (and that's no bad thing either). The 'activity rate' of Canadian women – i.e. those wanting to work – rose from 32 per cent in the mid-Sixties to 45 per cent now. That indicates that youth unemployment may become a persistent feature of our society as well. (The Canadian government, who started Job Creation schemes in 1970, have now declared such schemes to be a permanent part of their policy).

Another reason why mere 'growth' cannot be the answer lies in the new technologies. Since these are mainly capital intensive, they tend to create fewer jobs than the technologies they replace. Openings for unskilled school-leavers diminish. When there are simple jobs they are often scorned, as the young want good money and interesting work. Encouraged by youth sub-cultures, these higher expectations can turn, after disappointment, into a questioning of any work ethic, especially in the minorities who are hardest hit by youth unemployment. 'The racial situation has escalated to the point where young, extreme Rastafarians are demanding repatriation to Africa,' says Courtney Laws, director of the Brixton Neighbourhood Community Association. 'We'll have worse than Notting Hill if the government doesn't act fast.' Unemployment has aggravated the racial antagonisms of young whites, too. Thus one solution from a 19-year-old Liverpool F.C. and Labour supporter: 'I'd get all the Asians and blacks who weren't born in England out. Why should old people accept retirement at 60?'

The political clout of this new *lumpenproletariat* is negligible. First, the unemployed are removed from the workplace – the habitual context of mass action. Second, the young tend to apathy. Because the working-class out-of-work youngster has more in common with his earning father than with a jobless middle-class graduate of the same age, youth is not yet an effective basis for political organisation. It's partly this lack of influence that inspires pessimism about the prospects of adequate government action. While the Government, in the short term at least, is determined not to increase state spending, and may yet contemplate further cuts, resources would need to be transferred from other sectors. Most of these, unlike the young, have substantial political interests to draw upon in their defence.

At the moment, government spending to aid the young jobless is so limited that its programme is reduced to meagre palliatives. Take the new Work Experience Programme, which will attach youngsters to offices and factories to look, learn and tinker. At £16 per week, Work Experience is clearly a cheap way of keeping the frustrated young off the streets. Training can certainly help solve youth unemployment in the long term, and also soothe expected labour supply bottlenecks when the boom arrives. But training 'for stock' can involve wishful thinking, as industry is unlikely to be able to create all the jobs needed, even on the upturn. Jack Rogers, secretary of the Merseyside Construction Unions, says builders are still being trained though the local trade unemployment rate is 31 per cent.

Other suggested panaceas might prove too costly or ineffective. The raising of the school leaving age simply set the rise in the proportion of the young in the total unemployed back by a year. A reduction in the working week, or work-sharing would have to reduce wages by the same proportion – hardly a popular suggestion. Community Service conscription would ac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinguished letters follow our name.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like the old National Service (which, succeeds in cohabiting with youth unemployment in some European countries.) Lowering the retirement age is also, as the Government has made clear, far too expensive to be contemplated in the short term.

Subsidies to employers of the under-20s, specifically aimed at the hard-core, should create 30,000 jobs from this month but nobody knows the extent to which this will just direct jobs away from the other unemployed to the young. Anyway, the measure is pitiful, with over 110,000 hard-core under-25s. By contrast, Job Creation schemes do exactly what is needed. They create jobs. Yet the Manpower Services Commission doesn't have anything like enough money for the size of the problem. Its schemes, too, have – not always justly – been criticised as cosmetic, in content as well as extent. Thus the programme tended at first, when many projects were sponsored by local authorities in an effort to get the ball rolling, to be 'digging holes and filling them in again'. 'Job Creation isn't observing social priorities. It's counter-productive because it's unreal,' said Bill Murphy, chairman of Merseyside's Local Enterprise Development Unit. 'The most damaging thing you can do to someone is to give them something for nothing, or something without an objective.'

Were any group, or individual, allowed to propose ideas for work, as in Canada, the quality of projects would improve. At present only *bona fide* organisations need apply, and the number of these which can provide the Treasury-precise accounting demanded isn't that great. A more personal type of Job Creation could supply part of the solution to inner-city squalor – giving the young the means to improve their areas rather than vandalise them. Mr Murphy, who is involved in community transport and training co-operatives in Liverpool, believes that Job Creation should be used for sustained experiments in new forms of workplace control. His co-ops have filled a real need, by producing for the community rather than individual or market consumption.

Nor need the cost of getting people to do things for themselves be great: Santos Mukherjee has argued that to shift resources from 'passive income maintenance' into generation of new employment would cost relatively little as governments underassess the true cost of unemployment (which he calculates to include national insurance, income tax, and indirect taxes on goods and services lost, with the cost of dole). Job Creation has the advantage of tailoring remedy to need – by age or area. It spends money where needed, and without a time-lag, unlike, say, a tax-cut which leapfrogs areas with little tax to cut.

Some groups in our economy are going to need the sort of intermediate direct employment of Job Creation for a long time. Creating jobs need not intrinsically be a palliative. There is the potential, on a macro- and micro-economic scale, to fulfil the need for what George Thomson, Britain's EEC Commissioner, has called 'an active policy of positive structural change'. The Government, must, to echo the phrase of the US Congress Humphrey/Hawkins Bill, recognise its role as the 'employer of last resort'.

Wilfred Beckerman

The Value of Milton Friedman

Nobody – at least nobody who is really objective – can quarrel with the Nobel Prize in Economics having been awarded to Milton Friedman rather than to me. He needs it more than I do, since he has always attached more importance than I do to money.

At least, he believes that changes in the money supply have important effects on the way the economy behaves. But the nature of these effects is not always understood by many of his political converts, such as Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph. Nor is it always spelt out by the monetarists with the clarity of which Professor Friedman himself is a master.

Of course, none of the professional protagonists in the debate pretend that the way changes in the money supply affect the rest of the economy is simple, although the Friedmanites do not believe it is quite as complex as did Keynes. But there are two aspects of the monetarist doctrine which do not seem to be really in dispute and yet which are of great importance from the policy point of view.

First, the extent to which 'money matters' – as the monetarists believe – is largely a question of whether one is talking about the long run or the short run. Even the layman can grasp the idea that if changes in the supply of money are offset by changes in the demand for it, there will not be much effect on its 'price' (which, for present purposes can be loosely regarded as what the rate of interest is). If, for example, a slight fall in the price of sugar, resulting from an increase in its supply, is immediately matched by a large rise in the demand for it (e.g. consumers may think that its price will soon rise back up again so that they should stock up whilst the going is good), then the increased supply of sugar will not lead to much fall in its price. The essence of Keynes's view that an increase in the supply of money would not help much reduce the mass unemployment that existed in the 1930s (when he was writing about these problems), was that an increased supply of money would be taken up by increased demand for money holdings, so that interest rates would not fall much. If, in addition, investment is not sensitive to changes in short-term interest rates, the link between changes in the money supply and changes in investment and hence the level of income and output, is further weakened.

The Friedmanites would claim that, in the longer run, the various short-term influences on the demand for money would cancel out or lose their potency and that long-run interest rates would eventually adjust to changes in the money supply. Also, investment is held to be more sensitive to interest changes than in the Keynesian models.

Now, there is a wide area of agreement that the choice between these two theories should depend on which of the two conflicting pairs of assumptions is true. Is the demand for money stable, and investment very responsive to changes in interest rates, as Professor Friedman would maintain, or the opposite? I am not an expert on what has become a highly complex statistical problem, but it does seem that although the evidence has prevented the professional protagonists from clinging to extreme positions (unlike the amateurs), it is difficult to interpret the evidence and the disputes are not yet fully resolved. But it is not clear how far the remaining technical disagreements really matter. For the limitations on Milton Friedman's theories from the policy point of view do not seem to depend on the points at issue but on features of his theory which are hardly in dispute.

First, the monetarists have never claimed that changes in the money supply would have an *immediate* effect on prices and output. Although they believe that people adjust their expectations and behaviour more rapidly than did Keynes, Friedman has always accepted that the effects of money on production and prices would only be felt after 'long and variable lags'. And this does not encourage one to resort to monetary policy as a means of solving problems at some indeterminate date in the future. Why should an economy ever find itself in a long-run equilibrium position? Perhaps the real world is always just a succession of short-run situations in which the longer-run forces never have time to assert themselves. Why should any politician adopt a policy that might only pay off once every ten years? It did not seem a good idea to Keynes in the 1930s, and it remains to be demonstrated that it would be a good idea now as a remedy for inflation.

How far monetary restraint would stop inflation is, of course, not something to which Keynes needed to pay attention at the time he was writing. The most eminent living Keynesian, Lord Kahn, has recently stated that 'It can be readily conceded to the monetarists that an increase in the quantity of money, though not the *cause*

DO YOU KEEP YOUR NS?

If you keep back numbers of the NEW STATESMAN for reference, why not use an elegant red easy-binding case? Each case, with the title gold-blocked on the spine, holds 26 issues; copies can be added week by week to build up a complete volume.

Price £2.25 each, or £4.00 for two, including postage to any address in the world.

Send cash with order to

Binders, New Statesman,
10 Great Turnstile,
London WC1V 7HJ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of inflation, is a necessary condition' (*Lloyds Bank Review*, January 1976). But in the evidence that he gave with Michael Posner to the House of Commons Expenditure Committee (9th Report, 1974) he emphasised that the costs of beating inflation by monetary restraint would be very much greater than through some effective incomes policy.

This draws attention to the second weakness of monetarism, which is equally not in dispute, but which is given little prominence in the more technical literature and none at all in Conservative Party pronouncements. Mrs Thatcher may put on a show of indignation at the manner in which Britain is 'humiliated' by having to go to the IMF for loans. But her remedy for inflation would mean that millions more *Britons* would be humiliated by being thrown out of jobs.

Now, Milton Friedman makes no secret of his view – as in his newly revised textbook (*Price Theory*, Aldine Publishing Co. £9.95) – that trade unions do not cause inflation but that they do determine the 'natural level of unemployment', i.e. the level at which the economy would settle if the authorities would follow his policies and thereby achieve stable prices in the long run. In his system of thought this 'natural level of unemployment' would be higher the more powerful are the trade unions and, hence, the more imperfections and obstacles to the free working of the market mechanism. But to argue, as does Milton Friedman, that, given union power and behaviour, we have inflation because governments try to run the economy at acceptable levels of unemployment (as distinct from arguing that, given the social desire to maintain an acceptable level of unemployment, unions behave in a manner that leads to inflation) is, in Hazlitt's famous phrase, a 'distinction without a difference'. Restraint on the money supply would probably stop inflation in the end, though, at best, through leading to politically quite unacceptable levels of unemployment and a far greater and more lasting collapse of investment than anything we have seen so far.

The only way, therefore, that inflation can be brought under control without such consequences is by changing the manner in which unions operate. This – as was clearly seen by Keynes – is a political problem, not an economic problem. As Kahn and Posner put it in their evidence to the Expenditure Committee: 'If such a policy cannot be executed by whatever government is in power then in our view inflation is not controllable.'

If Nobel prizes are awarded according to the intellectual power of the recipients and the extent to which they have stimulated research and analysis in their fields (and why should they not?) Milton Friedman certainly deserves one. If they are awarded according to the extent to which the recipients have correctly analysed some aspects of the phenomena they have studied, he may still deserve one, but it is not yet possible to be sure about this. But nobody should think that its award to Professor Friedman constitutes universal recognition that his theories provide simple new tools of policy that can be used in a democracy.

INSIDE INDIA TODAY

DILIP HIRO

'The great merit of Dilip Hiro's book is that it makes a ruthless examination of the social and political realities which have been the fundamental characteristics of independent India . . . it is a book of real value and considerable importance. I try to abstain from the kind of review that issues instructions to the reader, but I'm moved to make an exception. You should read this book and ponder on it.' — Mervyn Jones, *New Statesman* £6.95

The Dickens Myth

Its Genesis and Structure

GEOFFREY THURLEY

'Thurley has a deep and generous literary imagination . . . I believe we may be seeing the emergence of one of the most powerful critics in the English speaking world . . . he is able to call with fluid ease and example from many literatures and, just as vital in a Dickens study, on considerable resources of social and political thinking.' — C. P. Snow, *Financial Times* £9.75

A History of Chess

HARRY GOLOMBEK

This authoritative, magnificently produced history follows the game of chess from its beginning in India 1500 years ago through to the present. Mr Golombek — who has himself known and played against eight world champions — traces the evolution of the pieces, moves and styles of play, describes chess sets through the ages and discusses chess books over the years. Throughout the book he views the history of chess against the background of contemporary society and civilisation.

34 colour illustrations, *140 black and white illustrations* £5.75

The Battle for Tolmers Square

NICK WATES

For seventeen years Tolmers Square in North London has been the focus of a struggle involving tenants groups, community associations, students, squatters, intellectuals, political parties at both national and local level and property developers. The dramatic story of that struggle is told by Nick Wates who describes how Tolmers Square became a national symbol of the fight against property speculations. *Illustrated* £2.95

Open Family Living

A New Approach for Enriching Your Life Together

THOMAS C. McGINNIS and JOHN U. AYRES

Is the Family a thing of the past? Marriage an out-of-date ritual? No, say the authors of this new guide to family living. Instead of doing away with the family as many advocate, the authors want to revitalize it, and in this book they explain a new style of living for today which says to every family member: '*I* can be *me*. *You* can be *you*. Together *we* can be *us* in a balanced blend of living for my sake, your sake, our sake and the sake of others.' £4.95

Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection

EDITED by CHRIS STEINBRUNNER and OTTO PENZLER

This is an indispensable, entertaining book for every true mystery fan. Covering books, films, plays, and radio and TV series, it presents biographies of more than 500 mystery and detective writers ranging from Edgar Allan Poe, Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle, through Erle Stanley Gardner, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie, right up to Dick Francis, Ed MacBain and John Le Carré. *Over 300 illustrations* £12.50

Routledge & Kegan Paul

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Skidelsky

Where Import Controls Came In

Faced with our deepening industrial tragedy, the hostility of both main parties to any measure of general Protection represents a failure of stewardship unique even by modern British standards. It is widely believed that controlling imports is a left-wing plot to create a regimented society. In fact, as every schoolchild should know, Protection has been the traditional philosophy of the Conservative Party. It re-entered modern British politics, after 50 years of free trade, when Joseph Chamberlain resigned from Balfour's Conservative government in 1903 to launch his campaign for tariff reform. The ensuing public debate between him and Asquith, the free trade champion, entranced the country. Since we are not about to get anything like it today, it is worth recalling. For the issues, economic and moral, then raised and discussed are precisely those which apply to our present situation.

It was the economic state of the nation which impelled Chamberlain to mount his revolutionary challenge to free trade. He had returned from a tour of South Africa haunted by the contrast between the youthful vigour of Britain overseas and the incipient senility of the Mother Country. When he had last been in Venice, he told his Glasgow audience of 6 October 1903, he had stood below the Campanile, rising above the city it had overshadowed for centuries, looking as permanent as Venice itself. 'And yet the other day, in a few minutes, the whole structure fell to the ground. Nothing was left of it but a mass of ruin and rubbish. I do not say to you, gentlemen, that I anticipate any catastrophe so great or so sudden for British trade; but I do say to you that I see the signs of decay . . .' Asquith was to pooh-pooh such forebodings. 'We are more than holding our own,' he declared triumphantly at Cinderford two days later. But it was the trend, Chamberlain insisted, that was alarming; Britain's relative, not absolute, progress that was crucial for the future. 'It is not a question of whether we are richer now than we were 50 years ago or 1,000 years ago. It is a question of which of us in the race for existence . . . is progressing more rapidly . . . I say that, although we have shared in the general prosperity, the comparative advance has been much more largely with our competitors.'

Chamberlain's fears were based on two economic trends. Between 1872 and 1902 Britain's exports of manufactured goods to the United States and Europe had dropped from £116m. to £73.5m. per annum. In the same period, manufactured goods imported into Britain from these areas had risen from £63m. to £149m. per annum. His hopes were based, in part, on a third, offsetting, trend. Between 1872 and 1902 Britain's exports of manufactured goods to the colonies had risen by £40m.

It was this third trend which provided the 'squalid argument' for imperial unity. There is no doubt that the Empire was an independent value for Chamberlain; not the Indian Empire which meant so much to Curzon and the Victorian mandarins, but the settler empire of 'Greater Britain'. Chamberlain's ideal was a federal union of the self-governing colonies. But the growing shift of Britain's trade to empire countries gave him the idea of linking the theme of empire union with the other great theme of his campaign, the 'condition of the people', a Disraelian phrase, given an un-Disraelian concreteness by Chamberlain's pledge to 'secure more employment at fair wages for the working men of this country'. Thus his plan for imperial preference was designed both to keep the empire together and to expand domestic employment by increasing Britain's manufacturing exports to empire countries.

In return for colonial preferences for British manufactures (some already in existence) he would put duties on foreign foodstuffs from which colonial foodstuffs would be exempted – 7 per cent on corn, 5 per cent on foreign meat, cheese, and butter. The proposal to bring back the Corn Laws, replaced in 1846, was predictably denounced by what Chamberlain always called the 'Cobden Club'. They produced a poster showing a huge loaf of bread called 'The Free Trade Loaf', and a tiny one called 'The Zollverein Loaf', to show how much less bread workers' wages would buy if Chamberlain's tax were put on. In reply, Chamberlain produced two loaves of his own, apparently identical in size, at a Birmingham meeting. But this was not the main point. 'The whole object of my policy is not to lessen your loaf; it is to give you more money to buy it with.'

But imperial preference was not enough. Although it was Chamberlain's proposed 'stomach taxes' which attracted the greatest controversy, most relevant for us today was his plan to put a 10-per-cent tariff on foreign manufactured goods, the purely protectionist part of his scheme. The real crisis for Chamberlain was Britain's worsening position vis-à-vis America and Europe. As he put it simply to a working class audience at Preston in 1905: 'You send less, they send more.'

Chamberlain started with the notion of dumping. Having got large protected home markets, foreign manufacturers, in a depression, could afford to dispose of their surpluses on the unprotected British market at lower than cost price. In this vein, he described Britain's home market as being 'filched from us, stolen by unfair means'. However, by 1905 he had a better argument. Since the cost of production depended in part on the rate of production, possession of large protected markets had enabled foreign manufacturers to reduce their unit costs to below what British manufacturers could achieve with their penetrated and more specialised markets. The other factor raising the relative costs of British production was social legislation passed to protect the workman. The complaint has often been repeated, but Chamberlain did not provide any evidence to support his assertion that British manufacturers were paying relatively more for their workers' welfare than were their competitors.

Chamberlain also never made it clear whether his 10-per-cent tariff was to be a permanent part of the industrial system, or to be used only for retaliation or to secure reciprocity. Asquith denied that retaliation could be effective if confined to manufactured goods, and claimed it would be fatal if extended to raw materials. Certainly, Chamberlain often argued as though protection itself made countries successful. Every protected country, he said, 'has progressed more rapidly and in greater proportion than we'. Great Britain's early industrial lead was due to protection, not free trade. Under free trade, the poor in Britain were worse off than in any other industrial country. Chamberlain vehemently denied that his proposed taxes would raise the living costs of the poor. They would curtail the luxury spending of the rich, while defending the employment and welfare of the worker.

Here we come to the heart of the tariff reform campaign. 'The question of employment, believe me,' Chamberlain said in 1905 'has now become the most important question of our time.' He ridiculed the free trade concentration on cheap food. 'Cheap food, a higher standard of living, higher wages – all these things, important as they are, are contained in the word employment. If [my] policy will give you more employment, all the others will be added unto you.'

He proceeded to draw a distinction, crucial to his argument, between the impact of economic decline on the manufacturer and the worker. The manufacturer 'may lose all his capital. His buildings may be empty; but he will perhaps have something left . . . Yes, the manufacturer may save himself. But it is not for him that I am chiefly concerned . . . I say to you [the worker] you cannot live on your investments in a foreign country. You live on the labour of your hands – and if that labour is taken from you, you have no recourse, except, perhaps, to learn French or German.' It was because his labour power was all that the worker had to offer that Chamberlain insisted that it must be the first object of economic policy to 'offer the bulk of our workpeople . . . constant and remunerative employment'.

How could this be done? Chamberlain rejected the argument that constant employment could be secured only by constant adjustment to changing conditions. For Asquith, inefficiency was the problem. Despite his optimism, he recognised in 'defective knowledge, inferior processes, lack of flexibility or versatility, a stubborn industrial conservatism' the 'real enemies of British trade' which 'have done us infinitely more harm than all the tariffs and all the dumping syndicates ever created'. Protection would only freeze inefficiency instead of encouraging the required shifts in resources. Chamberlain's reply was that in an old country, where people had traditional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skills of which they were immensely proud, these free trade remedies would not work; rather they would reduce, were already reducing, the economy, like the Campanile, to a heap of ruins. His most eloquent passage is worth quoting:

> I believe that all this is part of the old fallacy about the transfer of employment . . . It is your fault if you do not leave the industry which is falling and join the industry which is rising. Well, sir, it is an admirable theory, it satisfies everything but an empty stomach. Look how easy it is. Your once great trade in sugar refining is gone; all right, try jam. Your iron trade is going; never mind, you can make mousetraps. The cotton trade is threatened; well, what does that matter to you? Suppose you try doll's eyes . . . But how long is this to go on? Why on earth are you to suppose that the same process which ruined the sugar refinery will not in the course of time be applied to jam? And when jam is gone? Then you have to find something else. And believe me, that although the industries of this country are very various, you cannot go on for ever. You cannot go on watching with indifference the disappearance of your principal industries.

Asquith thought he had trapped Chamberlain in yet another fallacy. Every import, he said, had to be balanced by an export. Chamberlain had made the unpardonable economic mistake of concentrating on 'visible' trade. But 'by what kind of export is the import balanced?' Chamberlain asked in reply. 'If we import something which is equivalent to a pound of labour, a pound of wages – do we export the equivalent of a pound of wages?'

The question, if loosely phrased, was fundamental, and Chamberlain's choice of visible trade quite deliberate. It was manufacturing industry which provided the bulk of employment in Britain. No doubt the country might balance its accounts, might even become richer, through increasing its 'invisible' earnings. But where would that leave the bulk of the population? Britain might become richer and richer with less and less employment. Already the rate of emigration was much higher than in Germany. This theme was to become increasingly prominent in the later stages of the tariff reform campaign. 'Whereas at one time England was the greatest manufacturing country,' argued Chamberlain, 'now its people are more and more employed in finance, in distribution, in domestic service, and in other occupations of the same kind. That state of things is consistent with ever-increasing wealth, but it means less men. It may mean more wealth, but it means less welfare.' The distinction between wealth and welfare was a favourite one. Workmen could starve 'in the midst of unprecedented abundance'.

In free imports, Chamberlain saw a philosophy hostile alike to patriotism and trade unionism. The underlying principle of Cobdenism was cosmopolitanism: 'care for all the world, avoiding, and even despising, the special care for which I plead – the care of those who are nearest and dearest to us'. Free imports were also contrary to the principles of trade unionism. Trade unions existed to protect labour; but the products of labour must also be protected.

Reading through the speeches of both men, Asquith seems the cleverer, but Chamberlain was clearly the wiser. He detected the important economic trends which Asquith missed. He also realised that it is relative, not absolute, performance that matters when you are competing with other countries. Possibly he failed to give a satisfactory explanation of the growing uncompetitiveness of British industry but who has succeeded better? Perhaps his protectionist plan depended too critically on the existence of 'sheltered' imperial markets to be completely relevant to our own much more exposed position.

On the other hand, the down-to-earth 'man of business', as Chamberlain described himself, emerges as much more humane than the patrician lawyer Asquith. His message was simple. Whatever the causes of Britain's economic decline, industry had to be protected, because otherwise the community would be destroyed. Chamberlain, unlike other 'men of business', was not prepared to transfer his 'works' abroad, if that meant the ruin of his country.

It is ironic that Chamberlain's patriotic theme, traditional to the Right, should have been taken over by today's Left: while the post-1945 Conservative Party has aligned itself precisely with those who transfer their 'works' abroad, to the ruin of British industry and employment. Under present conditions, import controls, however temporary, are necessary to secure a national consensus for industrial recovery.

A General Theory of Bureaucracy

ELLIOTT JAQUES

In sharp contrast to the conventional view, Professor Jaques demonstrates that, properly understood and organized, bureaucracy makes an essential contribution to human relations and individual creative expression in our complex society. A major statement on our political and social condition. **£6.80**

Single Blessedness

Observations on the single status in married society

MARGARET ADAMS

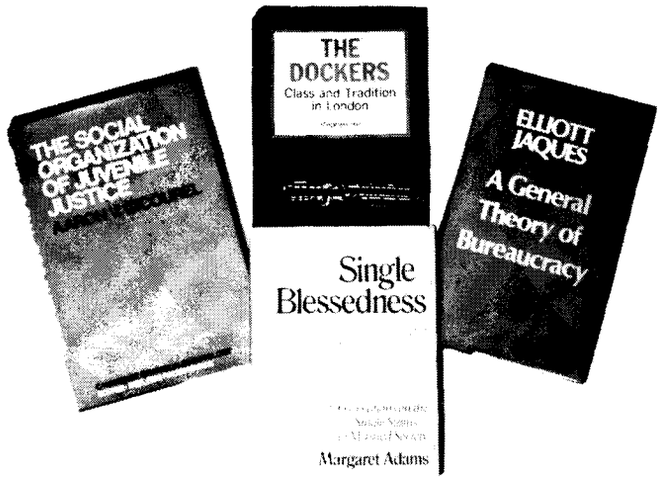
An eloquent and well-argued celebration of unmarried life in a married society. The author examines singleness as a situation in its own right, rather than a temporary state leading to the more common condition of marriage. **£5.50**

The Social Organization of Juvenile Justice

AARON V. CICOUREL

This classic study is essential reading for anyone in the field of the Sociology of Deviance. Professor Cicourel has written a new introduction for this edition, in which he discusses recent critiques of his work.

£7.00 **£3.25** paperback



The Dockers

Class and tradition in London

STEPHEN HILL

"... an important addition to the growing sociological literature on the contemporary British working class in the best empirical tradition." *New Society.* **£8.50**

The Meaning of Disability

MILDRED BLAXTER

An important new work in medical sociology which examines the relevant services for the disabled and studies in detail what happened to a sample of disabled men and women. *15th November.* **£6.00**

Heinemann

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Profile: Nigel Dempster

The Journalist as Sneak

A year has passed since Harold Pinter was observed walking through a Heathrow air terminal shouting 'scum' spiritedly at *Daily Express* reporters; a year since Fleet Street's handling of the Pinter-Antonia Fraser affair blew up widespread comment and concern about 'the return of Paul Slickey'. Today the Fleet Street gossip columns that came under censure last year are in disarray. The *Daily Mirror* has given up the game altogether and killed its diary; the *Express* has twice changed the editor of its William Hickey column in an attempt to get the right formula. But one 'diarist', to use the term the gossip-columnists prefer, prospers yet. He has just described his diary as 'the most written about column in the western world' and he has conceitedly constructed innumerable paragraphs offering mock-consolation to his defeated rivals.

Inevitably, he is Nigel Dempster of the *Daily Mail*, 'the last mint-condition of an almost extinct social phenomenon – the cad, *alias* the bounder' as Lord Lichfield has termed him. Dempster, it seems, has flattened the opposition so completely that he no longer has any. He regularly fulfils his ambition to attract comment; any comment of whatever colour is welcome, but it tends to fall into two categories. For some, Dempster is the most radical journalist working in Britain, a man intent on undermining the social order by revealing the ruling class, tarts and all. Romantics like Richard West and Auberon Waugh belong to this school and its influence nearly led Granada's *What The Papers Say* jury last year to name him 'Journalist of the Year'.

For others, Nigel Dempster is an odious snoop, who furthers his career by causing suffering to innocent people who happen to be public names. William Rees-Mogg of *The Times* and Donald Trelford of the *Observer* are in this group, which must have relished Clive James's lines in his new book *Britannia Bright's Bewilderment in the Wilderness of Westminster* in which Dempster appears as the gossip, Nigel Dampstain. At a *Private Eye* lunch, Dampstain observes heroine Britt and is in turn observed:

> And suddenly *Britt*'s agitated glance
> Absorbed the fact that what she'd thought was grime
> On *Dampstain*'s neck was more akin to slime,
> Deposited by beetles, blue-black bugs,
> And grey, pulsating, purple-spotted slugs,
> Which now and then emerged to leave their dirt
> And then went back to breed beneath his shirt.

Dempster, whether in the form of 'the *Daily Mail*'s rakish diarist' (his own self-flattery, published in *Private Eye*'s Grovel column) or the loathsome Dampstain, is unquestionably top gossip and still making progress of a sort. In this context, the interesting question is not whether he has any principles at all outside self-advancement, but why he is so adept at his particular trade. The answer may lie in the nature of his own past.

He was born in Calcutta in 1941, his father an Australian who worked for a mining company. He first came to England when he was four, and at eight was further separated from his family by being sent to a prep school in Devon and then, in 1951, to the second division public school, Sherborne. He left school at 16, apparently for gross indiscipline, and then embarked on an odd series of jobs: hospital porter, Hoover salesman, Lloyds broker, unsuccessful employee of a stock exchange firm.

By 1960 Dempster was making his first brush with newspapers when he became personal assistant to the Earl of Kimberley. Journalists noticed he knew a lot of gossip, much of it about Kimberley's friends. He became an informant for the *Express*'s William Hickey. The road ahead was clear; he had an unrivalled memory for the social scene, claiming for instance that he could put a name to 3,000 faces that appear at Ascot.

'What Makes Nigel Gossip', of course, is partly a straight desire to succeed at his job: in journalistic terms, to get the story and to be read. An ex-colleague comments admiringly on 'Nigel's desperate conviviality', the sheer vigour with which he throws himself into gathering his scraps. When he was younger, Dempster went into training to an extent that few people, outside the 'Upper Class Twits of The Year' à la *Monty Python*, could have stood. He claims that between 1959 and 1966 he went to about 800 deb dances and 1,500 deb parties.

His labour produces a column that is a *mélange* of micro-scoops about the lives of the famous ('Harry Hyams, owner of Centre Point, is to be found yachting with South African model Aldine Honey on his £80,000 yacht *Shemara*'), a lot of yellow innuendo about people's sex lives, conveyed by employing worn euphemisms about 'regular escorts' and 'close friends', and a good ration of genuine stories: Onassis to sell his airline, Olympic; Margaret Thatcher is the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

second Margaret Thatcher, the wordless Dennis having been married briefly during the war; Anthony Crosland buys a £40,000 second home in Oxfordshire in his wife's name. Nothing to rock the ship of state, sure, but good stories nonetheless.

This mixture is purveyed in a clever personal style that helps readers to get involved in each day's diary. A key element is the way Dempster includes himself in his cast of characters – 'Albert Finney is now the close friend of my former girl friend – I wish him luck, etc.' But more revealing of Dempster himself than this is the *tone* of the column, well caught by an American journalist, Jon Bradshaw: 'Essentially his column is a grim account of failure, shot through with a manic glee that such defeats should actually have taken place: It is more of a jeer than journalism.'

William Hickey reporters used to have a saying: 'I have a holiday in my heart – I've broken another marriage today.' For most of them, a defensive laugh: for Nigel Dempster it may be the truth. His diary reeks of delight in misfortune, in people who once loved each other finding their love die away, in high-flying businessmen who have come down with a thump. Why? Conceivably deep down Dempster himself fears failure and needs company.

It possibly started in childhood. Dempster says he was unhappy as a boy. Not much loved, the young Dempster may have felt discarded by his family when he was sent on the assault course that the middle class call 'a private education'. Lads from secure backgrounds survive; lads from cold homes acquire a deep sense of hurt. It is a psychological commonplace that children who feel rejected by their parents reject themselves; they judge themselves as unworthy.

Dempster's hardness about other people's emotional failings may also have some roots in his own unhappy marriage. When it came, in 1971, it was a kind of Isthmian League aristocratic affair. *The Times* reported: 'The marriage took place on May 17 between Mr Nigel Dempster, son of Mr and Mrs E. R. P. Dempster, St Aubin, Jersey, and Countess Emma de Bendern, daughter of Count John de Bendern, Lutry, Switzerland, and of the Lady Patricia Douglas, Lower Dicker, Sussex.' And it didn't work. Three years later, Dempster and his Swiss countess were divorced, his friends alleging that Dempster was more sinned against than sinning. 'The fear of failure', said one Fleet Street colleague, 'haunts Nigel's every step.'

Inside Dempster, it is not too fanciful to conceive of a person who despises both his work and his sources. He only admits it occasionally, such as the other day when he told a friend he was fed up with the diary. 'I'm getting tired of being hated.' Most of the time he covers his tracks with elaborate justification for his work.

Principally, there's the Showing-Up-The Upper-Classes defence. He once said:

> As far as I'm concerned, the aristocracy is dead (in America it never existed) and to concern oneself with it is tantamount to necrophilia. The aristos have been cashing their class like a cheque for centuries and today the cheques are bouncing everywhere . . . The last wicket is about to fall. I am about to bowl them out.

Yet this work involves him constantly with members of that class and he has to rely on errant members to supply him with information. (£30 for a typical 'lead' diary piece; £50 for an exceptional story; £10-£15 for standard paragraphs. Diary Budget: £30,000 a year. Dempster's own pay: £8,000 to £9,000 a year, plus of course very liberal expenses.)

In the magazine *New York*, the journalist Anthony Haden-Guest (often a victim of Dempster in the 'Grovel' column) saw right through him: 'Dempster mustn't be allowed to get away with all that reforming rubbish about flagellating the upper classes. The irony is that the only way he can get as close to the upper classes as he likes is by feeding off them and the only way he can keep his self-respect is by attacking his host. Gossip columnists, as our parents used to say of the Germans, are either at your throat or at your feet.'

The question for Dempster today, at the top of his own particular tree, but ageing now, is where he goes to next. It's a mistake to think his talents confine him to gossip-writing. He's a good bright journalist who will perform well at most aspects of the profession outside political writing. Perhaps what Dempster really needs is to find True Happiness. Given his need for self-respect, he could do worse than try to change his diary into a real corrosive 'grudge' column, with disclosures that embarrass the Establishment. More like Jack Anderson, less like Nigel Dempster.

Jeremy Bentham

Ombudsmice

The more numerous the agencies of state become, and the more responsibilities they take on board, the more the over-governed citizen needs avenues of redress, not just against excesses of political power but also against bureaucratic abuses and maladministration. (Of course the two are not entirely separable.) Administrative law is the title given to the framework of legal rules within which central and local government operate, coupled with the legal remedies for transgression of those rules. British administrative law has developed unscientifically in a higgledy-piggledy way, and comprises now an untidy jumble of institutions and procedures, from the ordinary courts of justice to a myriad tribunals of infinite variety and quality. Not only does the patchwork of remedies against administrative action fall far short of a coherent system; it is also full of holes. That much was acknowledged by the Law Commission, which urged a review of the whole area of administrative law, but its entreaty has been spurned by successive governments since 1969.

Attempts to plug the more obvious holes have been made, by creating a succession of Ombudsmen and *ad hoc* tribunals, only tenuously linked. After the Parliamentary Commissioner for Administration arrived on the scene in 1967, there came the Health Service Commissioner (who for the time being is the PCA wearing a different hat) and separate Commissioners for Local Administration in England, Scotland and Wales; and inevitably there is a distinctive ombudsmanic machinery for Northern Ireland. And yet another body, quite distinct from the rest, is about to be set up to monitor the handling of complaints against the police. *Justice* has recently called for still another ombudsman to handle consumer complaints against nationalised industries, given the mainfest failure of the various consumer councils to deliver the goods. And there are sporadic calls for ombudsmen in areas such as complaints against the armed services, against the prison service, and to protect children's rights.

The clamour for more variations on the theme of ombudsmanry is in stark contrast to the overtures to government in the early 1960s. *Justice* – that indefatigable body of lawyers that has not always kept itself on course – called for a parliamentary commissioner with even more feeble powers than the statutory animal was finally given. The *Justice* model aroused considerable controversy. It was depicted in some quarters as a Viking menace that would destroy parliamentary government as we know it. The Tory government of the early 1960s would have none of it, although its successor from 1970-74 acknowledged its limited role in controlling administration.

The mouse-like impact of the PCA, notwithstanding a few *causes célèbres* like Sachsenhausen, Court Line, invalid tricycles and television licence fees, has crucially affected the promotion of official acceptance of similar machinery for other areas of citizens' grievances. Marginally also, it has strengthened the arms of MPs in grappling with central government departments. But much more crucially the weaving of the PCA's functions into the fabric of Parliament has infected that institution with the crippling infirmity of modern government to check the power of ministers and their advisers.

The Commons Select Committee on the PCA recently complained that Parliament had not been consulted when the new Commissioner Sir Idwal Pugh – the third to hold office – was appointed earlier this year. It drew attention to the drawbacks of appointing former civil servants (as all three have been) to adjudicate upon the administrative competence of their former colleagues. The Select Committee is palpably right. But the defects to which it points are merely symptoms, rather than causes, of the inherent weakness of the Ombudsman model as a vehicle for public control over administrative function. To adapt Bagehot's terms, Ombudsmanry is designed to be 'dignified' rather than 'efficient'.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ Few recent elections in the Labour Party have passed off more placidly than the one for the deputy leadership this week. All credit to both Michael Foot and Shirley Williams for avoiding the kind of personal acrimony that characterised, for instance, the Brown *v.* Wilson contest for the same post in the autumn of 1962. True, Brown was at the time the tenant-in-possession but then so was Foot – in everything but the technical sense – on this occasion. I readily believe all the stories about Shirley Williams being forced into the contest – almost, as it were, against her will. It says, however, something for her open quality as a politician that she at least came clean about her reluctance. Very different from the nearest parallel that comes to mind. Not so long ago an academic came to see me and propounded a theory of Harold Wilson that largely rested on the genuine courage he had shown in daring to challenge Hugh Gaitskell's actual leadership of the party in October 1960. He did not take any too readily to my pointing out that – far from that being the case – Wilson had had that year virtually to be frogmarched into the race. Exactly the same threats and sanctions were, in fact, then used against him as were deployed against Shirley last week. But Wilson was at least cannier about one thing: on that occasion not a word of the pressure that had been applied (notably by Barbara Castle) ever got into the press.

☐ I can't help wondering whether the BBC governors have really thought through the implications of Sir Charles Curran's retirement from the BBC a year from now. The best time-table guidance I can get is that the Annan Report on broadcasting will reach the Home Secretary in January/February: that means, I should guess, that the rest of us won't be told what it contains until March/April. No hope, therefore, of the Government introducing a Bill – if any changes in the BBC charter are accepted – until the new session of Parliament in November 1977. But meanwhile the BBC will need to have appointed a successor to Curran – by (to give him a run-in period) at least next April. You know what I think? That, for all the protestations about not ruling out an outside appointment (and even advertising for it), the basic decision has already been taken that the next DG will have to come from within the Corporation and that he must also be someone who will not worry unduly about losing half his empire (if it comes to that) after a year or so in office. In other words, what the governors will be looking for is 'a good soldier'. In which case Ian Trethowan will, no doubt, be seen admirably to fill the bill which has been so neatly devised for him.

☐ Sir Douglas Allen, who succeeded Sir William Armstrong as permanent head of the civil service two years ago, provided the other day a remarkably cosy account of the relationship between permanent secretaries and ministers. Speaking at the LSE, Sir Douglas seemed to be intent on pre-empting Crossman Vol. II in advance. I particularly liked his guarded sentence: 'The extreme case of complete inability of minister and permanent secretary to work together is fortunately very rare.' But even more fascinating were the reasons he adduced for this happy state of affairs. The majority of cabinet ministers and civil servants shared, we learned, not only 'an Oxbridge education' but also 'a middle-class background'. Something, one might have thought, a Labour (or rather a socialist) government might one day look at. But meanwhile here's something a little more urgent for Sir Douglas's own agenda. We owe to last Sunday's *Observer* Hugh Cudlipp's revelation of his and Cecil King's weird meeting in May 1968 with Lord Mountbatten and Sir Solly Zuckerman. While Cecil King waxed alarmist about the coming crisis – 'bloodshed on the streets', 'the armed forces being involved' – Sir Solly, as scientific adviser to the Government, wisely took his leave, announcing that he would not stay to listen to 'rank treachery'. Yet do we not also know from Cecil King's own *Diary* that the two most senior civil servants of the day – Sir William Armstrong and Sir Burke Trend – went on dancing attendance at Mr King's luncheon table week in, week out, for years to come?

☐ The Cambridge Conservative Association will be defending a decent-sized 2,773 majority when the writ is moved for their by-election. In picking Professor Robert Rhodes James as their candidate, they have rejected younger and more eager beavers from the world of research departments and political 'adviser' posts, but lit upon one of the party's more 'moderate' figures. Apart from being a zealous worker for the United Nations, and a historian both of conservatism and militarism (*Churchill, A Study in Failure* sits well with *Gallipoli* and *Standardisation and Production of Military Equipment in Nato*) Rhodes James is also a former Assistant Clerk of the House of Commons. Nobody seems to be able to remember the last Clerk who made it into the Commons on his own account, but there was a Lords Clerk, Sir Cuthbert Headlam, who sat as a Tory MP in the 1945 Parliament. Alas, he did not prove to be a distinguished parliamentarian.

☐ Hilary Rubinstein will, I hope, get plenty of public support for his just-announced *Good Hotel Guide* (recommendations should be sent c/o Jonathan Cape Ltd, 30 Bedford Square, London WC1). With John Cleese's *Fawlty Towers* serving as the popular prototype of 'the out of the ordinary hotel', a search for idiosyncratic hostelries 'off the beaten track' may seem a rash endeavour. Yet anyone who has ever stared up at a bank of windows in a Hilton or a Sheraton (with each lamp in an identical place in every bedroom) will hardly need reminding how the element of choice in accommodation is rapidly disappearing not just in Britain but in the other tourist regions of Europe and North Africa that the *Good Hotel Guide* intends to cover. At home the saddest tale in many ways is, I suppose, the Cavendish, the centrepiece of our new Saturday night soap opera *The Duchess of Duke Street*. One person I know lived there in its Rosa Lewis days: he now steadfastly refuses to enter its new homogenised premises.

☐ I did not see Lord Hailsham's Dimbleby lecture last week and I cannot say I have been greatly perturbed by the Establishment applause his plea for a written constitution predictably provoked. What does perturb, or at least intrigue, me is the basis on which these lecturers are selected. Fifty minutes of uninterrupted air time is, after all, a rare gift for a national network to bestow; and one might hope that it would be offered to the turrets and the barricades alike. I say 'hope' because the five lecturers to date have been Lord Annan, Sir Robert Mark, Lord Goodman, Sir Huw Wheldon and now Lord Hailsham. No doubt next year we shall be treated to Sir Harold Wilson – and the BBC will call that 'balance'.

☐ Years ago I had by my bedside an old-fashioned, plug-in radio – so old-fashioned that it probably started life by being called a 'wireless set'. Some time in the early 1960s, in an effort to keep up with the trendy times, I junked it and bought instead a 'transistor'. I cannot remember what batteries for it cost then, but I do know what they cost now compared with only a year ago – 32p as against 19p. Since I'm an inveterate listener (sometimes, alas, in my sleep) I find myself buying a new battery on average once a fortnight. I reckon, therefore, that I am currently contributing something over £8 a year to private firms like Ever-Ready and Crompton. I can think of more deserving causes – even the nationalised LEB which would, or so my transistor tactlessly told me the other day, charge me something under 50p for the same year-round service. That's not built-in obsolescence: it's daylight robbery.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Crawley council, in Sussex, is to scrap its heating scheme for old people. 'I am afraid some pensioners will have to make a choice whether to eat properly or keep warm', Councillor A. C. W. Crane said. This year the subsidised scheme would have cost the council £4,500 and costs were going up all the time. 'We just could not continue it.' – *The Times* (Lilian Somerville)

☐ Johnson, at 29 a fine batsman and off-spinner not too far off the Test arena himself, seems eminently suitable. He is a thoughtful and intelligent cricketer who must have made many followers of Test cricket less suspicious of the products of the London School of Economics. – *Daily Telegraph* (Brenda Rowe)

☐ Constipation could be a fundamental cause of the violence in Ireland, suggests an article today in the monthly *Blackwood's* magazine, because Irishmen don't like eating green vegetables. – *Reading Evening Post* (Neal Morrissey)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Further extracts from the Crossman Diaries

PART II STARTS THIS SUNDAY

The second volume of Diaries of a Cabinet Minister includes the devaluation of 1967, the resignation of George Brown and 'devastating' observations of James Callaghan as Chancellor and as Home Secretary.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University Forum

Michael Rank

Student Politics in Shanghai

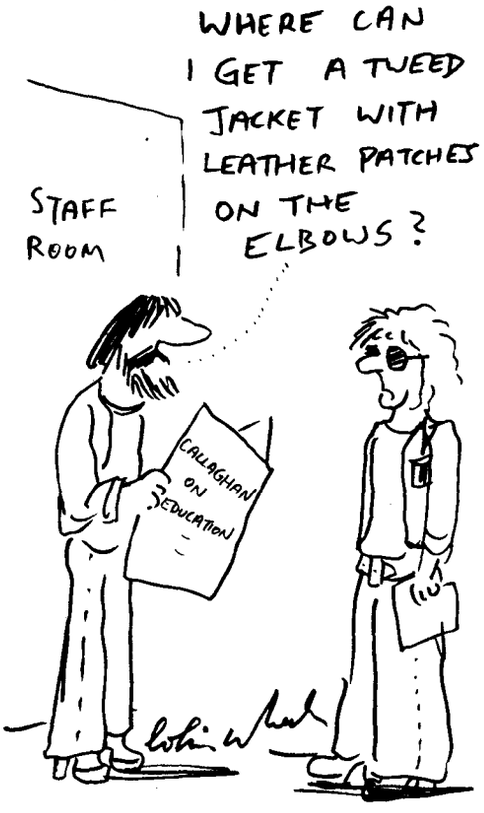
The arrest of the 'radical' group centering around Mao's widow, Chiang Ch'ing, only a month after Mao's death has strengthened a welcome feeling in the West that the 'radicals' depended for their power on the support of the Chairman, and that after his death their influence would rapidly fade. The 'radicals' were determined to give the impression of the country being solidly united behind them in their campaign to 'criticise the black bourgeois line of the unrepentant capitalist inside the Party Teng Hsiao-p'ing'. But after spending two years in China as a British Council student, I am far from convinced that Chinese students have a commitment to any principle except that of conformity.

Chinese students enter university not on the basis of their academic ability but according to their political awareness. 'Political awareness' does not refer to their depth of understanding of political theory or to their degree 'of activism in eliminating social injustice in their home communities, but to the extent to which they are willing to obey orders and to accept the 'correct' line (and changes in the line) without question. If this view seems unduly cynical, I can only recount the way the campaign to criticise Teng Hsiao-p'ing developed this year at Fudan University, Shanghai, where I lived with Chinese students (and was sometimes able to take part in their activities).

Teng Hsaiao-p'ing was reinstated in 1973 after being heavily attacked during the Cultural Revolution. His rapid promotion to the post of first Vice-Premier made his position look unassailable, and when I suggested to my Chinese room-mate that Teng's return to power might indicate that 'revisionist' influences were at work, he flatly denied this. He told me that Chairman Mao had personally investigated the matter and had satisfied himself that Teng was sincere in repudiating his 'bourgeois' past. The fact that Teng gave the oration at Chou En-lai's funeral seemed to confirm the view that Teng was Chou's most likely successor to the premiership, so it came as a shock (not least to my room-mate) when Teng was criticised in posters only a month later.

From mid-February until 29 February posters at Fudan did not mention Teng by name, although students privately confirmed that Teng was indeed the target of their campaign. The campaign did not become really intense, however, until the riot on T'ien-an Men Square in Peking in early April. The news of the riot caused a sensation among the 14 foreign students at Fudan, and it was ironic that we had to listen to the BBC to find out what was happening in the capital of the country in which we were living. Radio Peking made no mention of the riot, and Chinese students knew nothing about it until we told them what we had heard. Most of them were fascinated (and concerned) by the news, though a few refused to believe any information emanating from a 'bourgeois' source.

Two days after we heard the news on the BBC, my room-mate told me that there would be an important announcement at eight o'clock that evening, but he did not know what it was going to be about. With great excitement, we heard the news that Hua Kuo-feng had been appointed Premier and that Teng Hsiao-p'ing had been dismissed from his posts as Vice-Premier and Party Vice-Chairman. The announcement ignored the fact, overlooked by most foreign journalists as well, that the appointment of Hua as Premier and the dismissal of Teng were in flagrant violation of Article 17 of the new constitution, which clearly states that such decisions are valid only if ratified by the National People's Congress. Minutes after the radio announcement, students were feverishly writing posters congratulating the Central Committee on their 'two wise decisions' to appoint Hua Premier and to sack Teng. Identically worded posters were soon to be seen in every school and factory in Shanghai.



The following day a meeting of the entire university was held, one of the very few such meetings that foreign students were allowed to attend. The Party committee sat on the stage in the main auditorium, as participants filed in carrying placards. The proceedings began when a member of the committee raised his clenched fist and shouted: 'Long live Chairman Mao! Long live the Chinese Communist Party!', which the audience repeated obediently but with little enthusiasm. Considering the momentous events of the past few days, the meeting was singularly lacking in tension, and there was not the slightest sign that the students had any deep commitment to the anti-Teng cause. The meeting had something of the atmosphere of a church service, in which those taking part did so mainly because it was socially expected of them rather than through any strong conviction. Even the outward form was very much like a liturgy: the committee (priests) led the congregation through prayers and responses. Telegrams full of all the correct slogans that the committee proposed to send to Chairman Mao and the Central Committee were read out. All those in favour were asked to applaud; loud, though hardly deafening, applause followed.

The next stage in the proceedings was a march into town. The authorities were clearly confident that there would be no counter-demonstrations or violence, for they allowed foreign students to take part in the march too. Almost the whole university, consisting of about 5,000 students and staff, marched in a procession, sometimes meeting other processions taking a slightly different route to avoid traffic chaos. As at the meeting, the atmosphere was relaxed and cheerful, with everyone feeling mildly heroic for going on a 'long march' of six or seven miles in the pouring rain. Once again, there was not the slightest sign of emotional or intellectual involvement in the cause that had brought us together. When we reached the headquarters of the Shanghai City Revolutionary Committee, we dispersed. On my way back I was reminded of the truth of Chairman Mao's maxim 'Class struggle still exists': my pocket was picked of about £20 on a dark and crowded bus.

A few days later it was announced on the radio that there would be another important announcement at 10.30 that evening. At about ten, a disembodied voice announced on the university public address system: at 10.30 there would *not* be an important announcement. None of the Chinese students had the slightest idea of what was going on, and that was the last we heard of the matter. But we heard plenty more about the 'crimes' of Teng Hsiao-p'ing: how he walked out of a recent film muttering, 'Ultra-leftist!', how his 'black bourgeois line' interfered with earthquake prediction and relief, and so on and so forth. The Chinese media have given out such stuff continually for the past six months, and similar material concerning 'that renegade, traitor and scab', Liu Shao-ch'i for the last ten years. For the moment, the students, China's next generation of rulers, seem happy to repeat slogans on command. But the events of the last ten days should at least have reminded them of the virtues of flexibility.

**Michael Rank was in China, first in Peking then in Shanghai from October 1974 to June 1976. He had previously read Chinese at Downing College, Cambridge, and studied linguistics at Cornell.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

C. H. Rolph

Drink and the Devil

I used to think that there were certain ways of dividing humanity, or anyway the British, into two opposing classes without any leftovers or 'don't knows'. I realise now that if this were publicly asserted, there would emerge a non-aligned body of thinkers who wouldn't even know that they didn't know. Suppose you went in turn to the teetotallers and to those who, to put it at the lowest, like a little drop now and again, and asked them whether alcohol should be totally banned. There would be many don't-knows. Would they all be among the teetotallers? They would not. Among the moderate and uncertain tipplers, unable to make up their minds, there would be me.

This may in part be the legacy of a Band of Hope infancy: I believe I solemnly renounced Strong Drink when I was five. Anyway, from then on for many years, whenever I passed a pub door standing open on a summer's evening, the waft of booze from inside was as a poisonous exhalation from the jaws of hell. In a confused way it still is, though hell doesn't now seem so bad a place to go and sit down in. My parents (and theirs) had good cause to be terrified of alcohol, and in my childhood it was not only the Supreme Evil (at which no one ever laughed), it was the one you could identify in the streets and dumbly wonder about. The real tragedy about drunkenness, of course, and it has now been running for some thousands of years, is that it is often so funny. If drunken men were *never* amusing (I leave out drunken women because I don't see how they can be), always sickening and smelly, slobbering and angry, helpless and incontinent, obnoxious and hateful to everyone around them, would there be any breweries, distilleries, or vineyards?

The question has a sharper edge today because of the recurrent proposal to legalise soft drugs. Few people seem to doubt that cannabis, for example, does less harm than alcohol or cigarettes. Its addicts do not, because of it, commit murder, burglary, rape and grievous bodily harm. It is 46 years since a Road Traffic Act first penalised driving while under the influence of drugs as a separate offence from that of drunken driving. We still don't know from published statistics how many such drivers are unfit because of drugs, as distinct from alcohol. There's no doubt that some are unfit because of a deadly combination of both, a relatively new problem likely to militate powerfully against proposals for slackening controls of either. But since everyone recognises the role of alcohol in dulling the faculty of self-criticism, and nearly everyone knows about its powerful share in the causation of crime, is it not astonishing that drunken murder, drunken rape, drunken damage, drunken brutality are accepted as things we simply have to live with? Among the thousands of police 'crime reports' and parole board dossiers I have had to read, a majority, I swear, have reported the accused as saying 'Well, we'd all had a few drinks, and then . . .'

And the law has always faced two dilemmas about drunkenness. One is that punishment, and especially imprisonment, will have precious little effect on future thirst-quenching. The other is that juries and magistrates, trying cases in which a guilty mind must be proved or assumed, have to bear in mind that 'a drunken intent is nevertheless an intent'. The proper direction to a jury, said the Court of Appeal only last year (in *R.* v. *Sheehan and Moore*), is that 'the mere fact that the defendant's mind was affected by drink does not assist him at all, provided the necessary intention is there'. It is otherwise (now) if his drunkenness was 'involuntary', for the law may absolve an offender who has been plied with 'laced' drinks and doesn't know it. Such cases even further emphasise the helplessless of the law in dealing with drunkenness *post facto*; and encourage tentative and non-compulsive drinkers (like me) to think wistfully about preventive measures (for others).

Preventive measures of course abound in the various liquor licensing statutes, ranging through 'permitted hours', age limits, the status of clubs, what you may drink with or without a meal, what you may brew up at home, and what the grocer can sell. There is, however, one preventive measure which is strangely neglected, and its neglect seems to me of the same nature, having the same non-articulated motives, as the persistent silence about the effect of booze at scenes of violence like those at Notting Hill, Soweto and Cape Town. I refer to the common provision (in England it's Section 188 of the Licensing Act 1964) by which all the pubs in a threatened neighbourhood can be closed in advance of any trouble. Here it is:

> Where a riot or tumult happens or is expected to happen, any two justices of the peace for the county or borough may order every holder of a justices' licence for premises in or near the place where the riot or tumult happens *or is expected to happen* to close his premises for such time as the justices may order.

Why not, therefore, close all the pubs and liquor shops near football grounds and street carnival areas in advance of the occasion, as an alterantive to waiting for them to be smashed in? The principle of compensation for aggrieved licensees is a long-established part of the licensing law, and the scope of the Compensation Fund could surely be so extended as to include suitable payments to pubs compulsorily deprived of a Saturday's business. The cost of that could hardly exceed the present liability of the ratepayers to make good all the shop fronts after riot damage. However it is astonishing (to others, I find, as well as to myself) how many magistrates and even justices's clerks have never heard of, let alone read, Section 188 of the Licensing Act – though it's much older than the Act of 1964, being then a re-enactment from 1910.

Nevertheless, it may well be the drunken driver who will slowly make it more difficult for all of us to get a drink, not just within 'permitted hours' but at any time. To take a recent example which could be the story of anyone tipsy at the wheel: at the Old Bailey on 1 September a motorist admitted killing a pedestrian while drunk and driving. He had had 'several beers and 12 gins and tonics'. His car mounted the pavement, ran down two married couples walking together, carried off one man on the car bonnet until he fell off unconscious, and dragged the other one's body, trapped under the chassis, into another street where he crashed. There have been criticisms of the leniency that gave him only six months, but even if it had been six years, or 16, the punishment could serve no purpose other than the attempt to assuage horror with revenge.

At the time I had a Dutch friend staying with me, and he was totally incredulous – I noticed that he would never drink anything if he was going to drive. In Holland the permitted blood-alcohol limit for drivers is now .005 per cent – five thousandths of a milligram. If you merely took a deep breath as you passed the open door of a pub, you could ingest enough alcohol to colour the crystals in a Dutch breathalyser. And the Dutch police have the power to stop and test drivers at random, that is to say without any pretence about prior suspicion. In this country, though the 80-per-cent level seems likely to stay, we are about to drop the pretence that we don't allow random testing, and the police are finding that wine-and-cheese parties in private houses produce far more drunken drivers than pubs do. Why do I call it a pretence? Because there's always *something* a policeman can stop you for, such are the mechanical hazards of going around in a car or even on a push bike. And then you will notice that for part of the conversation his face is so close to yours that you can tell whether *he's* been drinking.

If I drank a lot, liked it, and meant to keep on, I suppose I should be angry at every new suggestion for liquor control. As it is, I think alcohol causes enough anguish, squalor and bereavement to outweigh all the synthetic bonhomie in what we call the civilised world. It also gives rise to much merriment and countless short periods in which, after all that worry, everything seems fine. It is this that makes me unhappy among the don't knows, and at the same time insulates me from those who proclaim, among all the human rights now being freshly discovered, the Right to Booze.

Arthur Marshall this week writes 'Books in General' on p. 553. He will return to his normal space next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Dr Beckerman's Medicine

Sir, Dr Beckerman in his criticism of me and other Cambridge economists (NS 15 October) says the 'real medicine' our economy needs is an incomes policy that 'excludes collective bargaining and imposes some very rough justice through a uniformly low rate of increase for everybody'. Certainly, if such a policy could be enforced regardless of how much the pound was devalued, there would be no limit to the extent to which real wages could be squeezed and profits raised, and there might come a point at which devaluation improved our competitive position so much that we could achieve full employment and external balance.

We would be in the schoolroom world where devaluation is analysed on the convenient assumption that money wages remain constant irrespective of the movement of prices, and where it is shown that, on the assumption that the proportionate responses of trade volumes exceed a critical value, devaluation will improve the trade balance.

The trouble is that we don't live in that kind of world. In reality, it is most unlikely, as Dr Beckerman acknowledges in parts of his article, that such a draconian incomes policy can continue; and on the evidence of recent years, it is also uncertain whether the trade responses to devaluation are favourable in any great degree. This being so, it is regrettable that Dr Beckerman, who seems rather quick to accuse others of wishful thinking, does not tell us what policy he would advocate in the event that his ideal of incomes policy and devaluation is unattainable. The choice, put simply, is to correct the foreign balance by combining the maximum feasible rate of devaluation with *either* deflation alone *or* protection and less deflationary fiscal and monetary policies – though not lax ones.

The essential case for protection in our present position (i.e. unemployment caused by a weak foreign trade position that cannot be corrected by devaluation) is that it permits higher output, employment and real wages than any alternative way of correcting the balance of payments deficit. And it does other countries no more harm or good than any other method of closing the deficit. Comparisons between protection and devaluation in terms of efficiency, real income or other variables, on the assumption that you can reach the same level of output and employment with both policies, are irrelevant and misleading in Britain's present circumstances.

I advocate protection because I believe that (1) higher real wages and output, starting from a position of high unemployment, are at least as likely to ease inflation as to aggravate it; and (2) protection for the period of, say, a five-year industrial revival programme, so far from aggravating our industrial decline, now appears to be the only way to make market conditions for our manufacturing industry so profitable that, applying other policies too, we stand a chance of achieving an industrial recovery.

Those who believe prolonged deflation and rising unemployment will eradicate the defects of British industry ignore all the understanding we have gained of the causes of investment and the cumulative forces making for success or failure in manufacturing. List, who recognised the facile character of the free trade theory and who, Mr Oppenheimer notwithstanding, had a great effect on the adoption of nationalist economic policies and protection in Germany, the United States and other countries, is highly relevant. Indeed, had his ideas gained ascendancy in this country we might never have suffered our long-term decline.

I do not regard protection as a certain cure to our economic problems, let alone as a panacea. It may be that our post-imperial decline cannot be reversed at this stage and that Britain must sink lower. But in the face of that risk, protection is the one additional instrument that can be deployed, that is manifestly relevant and that has been successful in some countries and – like any other economic instrument – has failed in others. It merits serious consideration. Above all, the most critical scrutiny needs to be given to the realism of the assumptions underlying the alternative policies put before us. Comparison must be made between real alternatives.

ROBERT NEILD

5 Cranmer Road
Cambridge

Sir, I am writing to congratulate Wilfred Beckerman on his superb article 'Bad Medicines for Recovery' (NS 15 October). He is quite right when he states that there is really no viable alternative to the present incomes policy if the high rate of inflation is to be brought down to a level where the Government can begin to expand the economy in order to reduce unemployment. Import controls (if introduced) would only be at best a temporary expedient and could in the end do more harm than good. One thing which he did not touch on, though, was the problem of reflation. A rapid reflation of the economy at the present time would merely result in a consumer-led boom which would have the net result of starting off yet another wage-price spiral – as indeed would a quick return to free collective bargaining. Therefore, it seems to me that the need for a well thought-out strategy for planned growth and higher capital investment related to an acceptable prices and incomes policy is obviously essential.

ERIC B. CARR

35 Bishops Road
Newcastle upon Tyne

O Tempora . . .

Sir, I have been an NS subscriber for over 30 years, and find myself very depressed by the amount of inaccurate and therefore all the more inexcusable malice which, with the shining exception of Arthur Marshall, now seems statutory from the majority of your contributors. Take your issue of 8 October. Describing the Conservative party as a 'beaten rabble' in 1974, your leader then goes on to say: 'They had lost their Ulster connection, and were being driven back to the grouse moors in Scotland'. Drivel. How many of the 10 million people who cast their votes for the Tories in 1974 have ever been near a grouse moor? Some of us have never even eaten grouse, let alone shot it.

Then the 'Brighton Diary' of Christopher Hitchens. You often attack biased reporting in the right-wing press, but allow Grub Street standards in your own columns. Mr Hitchens, who apparently spent his time in Brighton with his ear glued to the toilet walls, says that he missed great chunks of Sir Geoffrey Howe's speech because it was 'drowned out by the roar of pigs flying in tight formation overhead'. Kingsley Martin and T. C. Worsley would never have tolerated such malicious and distorted reportage. The audiences at Brighton were far from reactionary and expressed more genuine concern for the realities of today's situation than their counterparts in Blackpool.

Even your book reviewers have caught the literary rabies. James Fenton cannot resist the cheapest of jibes at the expense of Lord Home's recently published autobiography. 'If you buy it and post it now, it should get to your relatives in Rhodesia just in time for Christmas.' The only interpretation one can put upon this is that he believes that everybody who purchases a copy of this book is automatically a racist. And whom is he addressing himself to? Readers of the NEW STATESMAN or dyed-in-the-wool Tories? Pathetic journalism.

We read so much in your pages of the brotherhood of man, of tolerance towards others, and yet scarcely a week goes by without some instance of blatant intolerance and, let us not shrink from the word – hatred. What a contribution you are making towards a better society! Set your sights a little higher and exercise the sort of editorial judgment you are so quick to demand from others. If you believe that the great mass of the Tory party is made up of grouse-shooting-racist-flying-pigs then you should go the whole distance and introduce a new department. Call it 'This New Statesman' and award yourself book tokens. But beware of the broken glass from your own greenhouses.

BRYAN FORBES

The Bookshop
Virginia Water
Surrey

The Trouble with Numbers

Sir, May I endorse Peter Wilby's analysis of the crisis in mathematics education (NS 8 October)? As a primary school teacher, may I also suggest a possible remedy?

Let us accept the fact that many excellent teachers in our junior schools are not equipped to deal with this specialised discipline. In making future appointments to schools, employ mathematics specialists (with so many unemployed teachers, they could easily be found) who will teach nothing else. Their skill is too precious to be dissipated.

And if, like me, you can already hear the howls of derision from the integrated-day exponents, let them howl. The disease of innumeracy is malignant and requires drastic surgery.

TIM HOPKINS

69 Edgewood Drive
Luton, Beds.

Sir, Some random thoughts from a threescore-years-and-ten OAP. In my school days, maths (arithmetic) was more complicated, what with pounds, shillings, pence, furlongs, rods, poles, perches, acres, gills, bushels and the like. My father (LCC elementary) who left school at 12 in 1893 was well-grounded in this sort of arithmetic, could read competently, and his writing was impeccable during his long life. His brother, who also left school at 12, had a smattering of French, and geometry, with a certificate to prove it.

In 1914 in my elementary school class, (London working-class district) there were 55 pupils, compared with about 45 in my children's and 35 in my grandchild's. They were, as I recall, sufficiently well-trained in the 'Three Rs' with few, if any, illiterates. It was all, by present-day standards, pretty dull, with rote learning all the rage and insistence on correct spelling, i.e. 'i before e except after c'. But we did know what 6 times 8 was, teachers were devoted to their job, fairly strict, and over all was the awe-inspiring headmaster (or mistress) with the shadow of the cane (seldom used) looming.

Most people agree (particularly those too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lazy to spell correctly) that the English language is illogical but we are stuck with it until we simplify the spelling and pronunciation and dammit you can always use a dictionary. Of course, when we get unit pricing, there will be little need of pocket calculators in the super-market to decide whether 250 grams @ 45p or ½ lb. @ 42p is the better buy. While not altogether decrying the present learn-as-you-play method, and whereas all work and no play may have made Jack a dull boy, all play and no work will make him duller.

S. G. DIXON

7 Elm Grove
North Harrow
Middlesex

Sir, I trust you will allow me to support Peter Wilby's views on the teaching of mathematics. Ours must be the only country in Europe, East or West, which entrusts the teaching of mathematics to teachers not adequately qualified in the subject. Entry into the civil service in many European countries, too, is impossible without passes in mathematics. Our educational system allowing persons to 'drop' mathematics and yet accepting them in institutions of higher education reflects a total misconception of the role of education in an industrial society. The lack of esteem for mathematics, inherent in our ideas about education, is pernicious, and as a result we fail to produce the engineers so urgently needed, or to create in the non-technologists the ability to appreciate some of the basic workings of our society. It is hard to exaggerate the disastrous consequences of this system of education in the political, economic, industrial and even the artistic life of this country.

E. W. KELLERMANN

2 Park Villas Court
Leeds

Student Housekeeping

Sir, As an NUS member and union president Mid Essex Technical College I find Charles Clarke's letter (NS 15 October) in which he attacks Leo Martini-Brown rather inaccurate. He attacks a union employee in flagrant breach of his own 'Broad Left' (and hence NUS) faction's policy.

For the last two years in which Leo served as an administrative officer at Mid Essex Tech. (with a socialist president and external vice-president) the independently audited accounts reveal a princely deficit of £9 only in the year ending 31 March 1976 and a deficit of £32 in the year ending 31 March 1975. For the three years when Leo was president, 1972/4, a deficit of only £20 was recorded. Thus on total income of approximately £28,000 a total deficit of only £61 in five years has been recorded (.02 per cent). I defy the NUS to produce such accuracy.

Pre-Leo the union had no minutes, a substantial overdraft and no accounts had been presented. Since Leo's arrival each AGM has approved estimates which Leo has successfully maintained. Additionally, one might add that it is a pity NUS service companies cannot manage to match this record. If they could, perhaps the 'services' offered to students might produce an 'actual' rather than 'theoretical' benefit.

ROSS COATES

Chelmer Institute of Higher Education
Victoria Road South
Chelmsford

The Metropolitan Poet

Sir, Despite being the most gifted versifier of his peer-group, James Fenton (NS 15 October) knows much less about rhyming and scansion than he thinks he does. It is not just the Australian penis that rhymes with 'genus': the English penis does too. Both 'penis' and 'genus' start with a long 'e' and end with a semi-vowel – that upside down 'e' which Mr Fenton would have heard about with profit if he had ever sat through a course in phonetics.

Harold Insight's line about lunching when he gets back from Gstaad has the correct *number* of feet provided Harold takes two syllables to say 'Gstaad'. Most of us would – we usually half-anglicise foreign names when we talk about them in English, although Mr Fenton was perhaps overdoing it when, in his vigorous *ottava rima* 'Open Letter to Richard Crossman', he succeeded in rhyming 'note' with 'Zauberflöte'. (There are numerous other examples I could quöte of Mr Fenton's transgressions in this regard – rhyming 'Pareto' with 'sorbetto' was particularly choice – but probably he was being ignorant rather than clumsy. After all, he wröte the poem some time ago.)

As for the *kind* of feet in which Harold asks Britt to lunch – well, it's a more vexed question than Mr Fenton allows it to sound. Briefly, there is a conflict between the conversational stress and the metrical stress. Auden said that in living verse there is always such a conflict. The trick is to maintain the iambic pulse while working other stress patterns against it. Saintsbury devotes a good part of his monumental *History of English Prosody* to discussing what is allowable in this field. He allows more than Mr Fenton does. In turn, Mr Fenton – judging from his published verse – allows himself more than he allows me.

Since you published Mr Fenton's review I have bearded him at lunch and offered him 10p each for every one of the false quantities he says exist on 'almost every page'. He knows that I am a fair-minded man, and that if he can turn up anything which is specifically ruled out by Saintsbury then I will be glad to hand over the money.

But really there is no point in these slanging matches. The only reason I have replied at all is that Mr Fenton is a poet of stature whose opinions on these matters might be taken as decisive if I were to say nothing. As well as giving him the chance to supplement his income, I have asked him along to either of the two recitals – at six and nine in the evening – which Russell Davies and I will give of *Britannia Bright* at the Shaw Theatre this coming Sunday. There Mr Fenton will learn, if he has a mind to, that I am out to pass harsher tests than the one of mere correctness.

CLIVE JAMES

14 St John's Road
Cambridge

Sir, May the poor sod who is having to read out Clive James's *Britannia Bright* on tour every night (Gosh, it's awful making people laugh) add a couple of comments to James Fenton's scruff-shaking article (NS 15 October) on the subject? 'We'll have lunch when I get back from Gstaad' is a perfectly sound line when read in the characteristic Greater Manchester tones of 'Harold Insight'; 'Ger-staad', in any case, is what everybody, and everybody's travel agent, calls the place. And narcolepsy is a condition characterised by sudden attacks of deep sleep, so it is perfectly possible to be narcoleptic and a poseur at the same time. Why is Mr Fenton going out of everyone's way to be awkward?

RUSSELL DAVIES

42 Maid's Causeway
Cambridge

Sir, I think that I may predict with some confidence that I am not alone among your readership in my concern at Mr Fenton's invention of the word 'tetramerometer' to describe an iambic line of 'four and a bit' feet.

Indeed, it seems to me that in somewhat complacently (if I may be allowed to say so) adding 'mero' (bit) to 'tetra' (four) Mr Fenton has created a monster no less dysmeristic than that monster of Mr James to which he refers it. I recollect, though not with perfect certainty, that the Greek mode of describing such metrical anomalies was as, e.g., 'seven half-parts'; hence, of course, the English word 'hepthemimer'.

I suggest therefore, not without respect, that Mr Fenton should in future employ the word 'enneahemimer' to describe the phenomenon in question. If it is felt that I am guilty of undue subservience to the tyranny of Greek, my answer must surely be that the choice of master was made by Mr Fenton.

F. CHATTERJEE

Bow
London E3

Taken Over by Slater Walker

Sir, I can only express sincere admiration of Mr Hope's excellent account of his dealings with the Slater Walker gang (NS 15 October). I suffered similarly from an even worse type of pirate.

How much of the country's present difficulties are due to the operations of these Tory whizz-kids, only some of whom have been found out and come to grief! Sadly, most of them are still at large, protected by the City Establishment and still have the impertinence to pontificate on industrial matters, about which of course they know absolutely nothing, but only qualify to act as bookmaker's clerks.

The putrid stench rising from the City, bent Lord Mayors, compliant crooked auditors, casino bank operators, useless futures and options markets all cost the country dear. One form of expenditure and ostentatious living we could do without.

R. B. WILLIAMS

12 Ebrington Road
West Bromwich

Word of Cheer

Sir, Without drawing undue comfort from the comparison may not British television viewers, having caught glimpses of the American presidential candidates debating and (one supposes) doing their best, feel obliged to curb for a moment their understandable tendency to denigrate their own political leaders?

ARTHUR J. KEEFE

88 Wyndcliff Road
London SE7

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Next 6 months for only £3

Avail of this special introductory offer to have *Hibernia*, the Fortnightly Review of *IRISH* politics, current affairs, books, finance and the arts, mailed to any address in the world. *Hibernia* goes behind the *IRISH* news, North and South, brings you a clear analysis of important developments, and provides authoritative opinion with independent comment. For only £3 you can be better informed on *IRISH* affairs. Send this coupon with your name and address to:

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
hibernia
206 PEARSE ST. DUBLIN 2. IRELAND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary

Volume II: H–N

Edited by R. W. Burchfield

'The Supplement's appearance is no doubt the most important event in general English lexicography since the completion of OED itself in 1928 . . . also, it supplies what for many will be easily the most entertaining and readable of all dictionaries of English.' *The TLS* reviewing Volume I. £22 *4 November*

Trees and Bushes of Europe

Oleg Polunin and Barbara Everard

Here is a book that will add new dimensions of interest and enjoyment to a walk or a holiday anywhere in Britain or on the Continent. With over 1,000 colour photographs and drawings, it describes and illustrates all the trees and larger bushes growing wild in Europe. £5.25

Gulliver's Travels and other Writings

Jonathan Swift

Edited by Louis A. Landa

This new Oxford Paperback of the well-known Riverside Edition of the best of Swift's writings includes *Gulliver, A Tale of a Tub, The Battle of the Books,* and selections from his essays, poems, and letters. £2.75 *Oxford Paperbacks*

Searching for the Ox

Louis Simpson

'I confess to being fascinated with the atmosphere of life that has been at other times, in other places. I would like the whole history of mankind preserved in minute detail.' Louis Simpson's new poems, many of them narrative, deceptively simple, are about life in the West Indies and in New York. Paper covers £1.95

Golden Codgers

Biographical Speculations

Richard Ellmann

In this 'illuminating and beautifully written book' (*TLS*), first published in 1973, Richard Ellmann investigates the relationship between the authorial self and the literary imagination with 'a penetration which is none the less acute for being urbane and witty' (Stephen Spender). Paper covers £2 *Galaxy Books*

The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea

Edited by Peter Kemp

Splendidly illustrated and thoroughly comprehensive, this Companion covers the seafaring history of the world from the first crude canoe of 5,000 years ago to the nuclear submarine of the modern age, and is truly the book that all yachtsmen, naval people, and armchair sailors have been waiting for. 4 colour plates 226 halftones 187 line drawings £12

The Illustrator and the Book in England 1790-1914

Edited by Gordon N. Ray

This is the first full-scale treatment of the 'Golden Age' of English book illustration, when that craft commanded the talents of Blake, Turner, Constable, Lear, Cruikshank, Thackeray, Rossetti, Tenniel, Kate Greenaway, Morris, Beardsley, Beerbohm, and Rackham. 300 illustrations £33 *4 November*

Anna Akhmatova

A Poetic Pilgrimage

Amanda Haight

The Russian poet Anna Akhmatova (1889–1966) was already famous before the First World War, but after 1917 she was critically abused and banned from publishing. Despite terrible hardship she continued to write, refusing to go into exile, and was eventually rehabilitated. This is the first full biography in English. Illustrated £5.50

The Selfish Gene

Richard Dawkins

This book explodes the popular theory that animals behave for the good of the species. They do not: they behave for the good of their genes, whose world is, as Richard Dawkins shows, one of savage competition, exploitation, and deceit. £2.95

The Humane Technologist

Duncan Davies, Tom Banfield, and Ray Sheahan

The authors suggest an approach by means of which the modern technologist, who faces a wider variety of problems than ever before, can be helped to make a valuable contribution to society. £4.75

School for Soldiers

West Point and the Profession of Arms

Joseph Ellis and Robert Moore

Here is an honest, objective account of a highly controversial but enormously influential American institution. 'Refreshingly thorough and unbiased.' (*TLS*) Paper covers £2.50 *Galaxy Books 11 November*

Death

Mog Ball

Death is the one thing we can be certain of, but no-one talks about it. 'This is not a book which is intended to shock young people or adults out of their reticence in a sensitive area, but rather to encourage them to examine their own emotions.' *The Guardian* 75p *Standpoints*

Karl Marx and World Literature

S. S. Prawer

This book analyses the use that Marx made of literary texts throughout his life, showing for the first time the extent to which imaginative literature penetrated and shaped his writings. £10.75

The Business of Crime

Italians and Syndicate Crime in the United States

Humbert S. Nelli

This book starts with the Mafia in Sicily and traces the involvement of Italians in crime in America from the 1880s until the Second World War, with a survey of developments during the past thirty years. It is the first thorough examination of this important subject. Illustrated £8.25

Oxford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

Arthur Marshall

His Master's Voice

The Life of Noël Coward by COLE LESLEY
Cape £7.50

When J. B. Priestley, rather late in the day (it was 1964), put his jocular question to Noël Coward, 'What is all this nonsense about you being called the Master?', the answer, in that widely imitated and highly individual voice, was: 'It started as a joke and became true.' After a first meeting with Noël in 1930, T. E. Lawrence wrote humourlessly but fairly accurately to Mrs G. B. Shaw, 'He is not deep but remarkable. A hasty kind of genius. I wonder what his origin is?' Previous biographers of the Master, a name by no means nonsensical to everybody, have been well intentioned but inadequate, providing little more than a re-hash of his own *Present Indicative* and *Future Indefinite*, filled out by that deadliest of materials, old press cuttings. Cole Lesley, secretary, companion and friend of Sir Noël for 40 years, makes no such mistakes. 'I want you to tell the truth', Noël said when discussing with him his possible future role as biographer. He has done just that, and with a charm and tact reminiscent of those shown by Daphne du Maurier when writing about her famous father in *Gerald*. Mr Lesley displays, in this first book, quite unusual gifts, and if there has been a better or more fascinating theatrical biography in the last 50 years, it has not come my way.

For one joyous thing in these dim days, one laughs aloud, and with Noël *fou rire* and hysteria were ever just round the corner. There was a hearty English major who, blushingly confessing that he was 'a bit of a poet', thrust into Noël's hand some verses which ended

> Oh simple shepherd, praise thy God
> That thou art nothing but a sod.

There were the esoteric bits of information fed to him by the distinguished historian, Hester Chapman: 'It is now incontrovertibly proved that Queen Boadicea is buried beneath platform eleven at St Pancras.' All his life, he found certain names (Budleigh Salterton, Uckfield) irresistibly comical. In youth, he took part, as a peculiarly mobile mushroom, in an *Autumn Idyll* ballet with a petite *danseuse* called Saza Puttfarcken. He 'walked on' occasionally in that splendidly stagey piece, *The Best of Luck*, at Drury Lane and for years after would declaim dramatically at odd moments, 'May God forgive you, Blanche Westermere, for I never shall.' Travelling in Europe with Cochran to find a suitable leading man for *Bitter Sweet*, they discovered in Vienna a handsome young tenor and, on asking his name, found it to be Hans Unterfucker: so they settled for George Metaxa instead. Wild laughter, that rare pleasure, is common among actors. Even Sir Laurence himself was once, we learn, nearly expelled from the Birmingham Rep for giggling.

Best of all perhaps (and here, though facts are facts, I must ask sensitive readers to bear with us or skip the paragraph) were the unconscious verbal bricks dropped by the charming and handsome writer, painter and sculptor, Winifred Clemence Dane, large and impressive in her flowing gowns ('Do come to dinner,' she used to boom down the telephone, 'I've got a nice cock'). Totally innocent and unworldly, she settled, as though by magic, on the one unfortunate word ('Olwen's got crabs!' she cried excitedly to guests as they arrived for a wartime lunch). Going to the Old Vic on a hot summer's evening in a taxi with Miss Joyce Carey, Winifred was bellowing on about the ancient subject of whether Bacon had written Shakespeare, summing up her view that Bacon was merely Shakespeare's informant in tones audible for miles around: 'Yes, I have no doubt that Shakespeare sucked Bacon dry and that Bacon very much liked being sucked.' Miss Carey, mindful of the driver's susceptibilities and fearful of what infelicities there might be still to come, leant forward and hastily slid shut the open glass window between them.

Mr Lesley has been able to draw on a mass of new material – letters, diaries, journals, friends' memories and an invaluable object called 'Mum's suitcase', in which Mrs Coward kept any scrap of paper which had a bearing on her adored and brilliantly precocious son ('He was very forward and amusing . . . a most attractive child, never a bit shy'). But alas, it was not for nothing that she shared a birthday with Hitler. Though in his letters to her she was 'Darling old Mummysnooks' or 'Ducky old Diddleums', she did not deceive him ('Mum really was a wicked old devil, wasn't she?') with her possessiveness, selfishness and her ability to brew up family rows. A hint of her quality is to be seen when she gazed down at her dead sister, Vida, in her coffin: 'Doesn't she look pretty, like a little snowdrop? It's a pity she looked so disagreeable when she was alive.' Mr Coward senior was a rather pathetic and frequently unemployed musical nonentity whose only claims to fame were to have fathered Noël and to have a sister locally known as 'The Twickenham Nightingale'. Formidable and determined mothers are by no means unknown in the theatre: after all, we owe the Marx Brothers entirely to a Jewish momma. Mr Lesley is hilarious on one of the most famous, Clifton Webb's dreaded Mabelle, a doting mother who required a daily dozen or so dry martinis to keep her going and who had the really very weird distinction of having combed the dead Rudolph Valentino's hair into the correct position before he could be displayed to his fans. When Mabelle died, completely gaga and 94, Clifton Webb cried for two months. Noël rang him up ('Unless you stop blubbing I shall reverse the charges') adding, as he rang off, 'It must be extremely tough to be orphaned at the age of 71.'

Everything is here in fullest detail and with numerous and splendid photographs – the dazzling career ('Destiny's Tot' Alexander Woollcott called him), the astounding social success ('I am sick to death of having quiet suppers with the King and Mrs Simpson'), the golden years of 1928 to 1934 and of *This Year of Grace*, *Cavalcade* and *Bitter Sweet*. Through it all, his politeness to the public was impeccable ('As long as there are people who wait for my autograph, I shall give it') and, contrary to the general view, it was perfectly simple pleasures ('The life of the very rich is not for me') that pleased him most – evenings with old friends and old jokes, some music, 'a little eggy something on a tray' and a nice early bed with E. Nesbit or Saki.

Everywhere the famous snap judgments are rattled out. Chamberlain ('You can't trust a man whose neck is too thin for his collar'). Mozart ('It sounds like somebody piddling on wet flannel'). Mary Baker Eddy ('I suppose she's been responsible for more death than anyone except Hitler'). Modern painters ('One sees a square lady with three breasts and a guitar up her crutch'). A wider education, and there had been virtually none at all, might have brought some more balanced and generous views, but his knowledge of human nature was instinctive and profound and when the sad and unpopular days came, he was in no way surprised.

Cole Lesley has been faithful to his instructions about telling the truth, not that there is a great deal on the debit side. Noël was bossy and liked his own way. He flew into violent rages about nothing, wailing, 'Life deals me blow after blow.' When he fell in love (and for those who like to know such things, it was with chaps), his sense of humour vanished completely. He could be very sharp with people. Though entirely unjealous about the success of others, he was extremely selfish. It's not, as you see, much of a list, and there is such a lot, in addition to the enormous pleasure he gave in the theatre and elsewhere, on the credit side. Nobody put up more politely or heroically with bores. Nobody encouraged true talent more. And, above all, he made everybody laugh. Who but he would have said, after reading Monica Baldwin's *I Leap Over the Wall*, 'It has strengthened me in my decision not to become a nun'?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Sturrock

On Parole

Saussure by JONATHAN CULLER and **Artaud** by MARTIN ESSLIN *Fontana* 80p each

Saussure is the respectable one in this new pair of Modern Masters, Artaud the hooligan element. Two more incompatible spirits, indeed, it would be hard to devise. Saussure was a professor of linguistics in Geneva, a severe and peaceable man who is, together with Chomsky, one of the two truly commanding thinkers about language of this century; Artaud was a wild man, at times a lunatic, with aggressive not to say sadistic dreams of turning the European theatre into a force for subversion and unreason. Saussure, we can see now, was the source of structuralism, which means he is also the patron of such derivative masters as Claude Lévi-Strauss; Artaud can be credited only with the Theatre of Cruelty, that deluded and now battle-weary attempt to knock a few violent feelings into sluggish bourgeois playgoers. Saussure, by any reckoning, is the very model of a Modern Master, Artaud something less – the doomed hero of a negligible counter-culture.

The books of Jonathan Culler and Martin Esslin bear this out. *Saussure* is excellent, a rigorous introduction to Saussure's work, to the reasons why it was so original when it was new and to the rather different reasons why it is still important today, 60 years and several linguistic revolutions later. Culler makes every sentence count, and if his explanations are not always simple, they are uncommonly clear and logical: the long central chapter on 'Saussure's Theory of Language' is masterly, and alone makes this one of the most basic and responsible volumes in an inconsistent series.

It is high time Saussure's main doctrines were publicised like this in Britain, where they have long been under a cloud. He completely changed contemporary ideas about, and with them the investigation of language; he did so, surprisingly, without having to write a book. All that he could bring himself to publish in his lifetime was a study of the Indo-European vowel system, a definitive if now remote piece of scholarship which he had finished, alarmingly enough, by the time he was 20. His great book, the *Course in General Linguistics*, is not in reality his book at all: it was written up by two old colleagues from notes taken at Saussure's lectures at Geneva University, and was published in 1916, three years after his death. Here and there it may misrepresent him, but it remains an immensely formative book, the one general book on language everyone would do well to read. It is not at all technical and it sees language whole, and straight, for what it is: the supreme human institution.

Saussure rescued language from the fact-grubbers, the cautious grammarians too taken up with their data ever to wonder what language itself might be. Saussure was a throwback to more speculative days; like Chomsky after him, he wanted not more and more facts but a theory that might justify and organise their collection. The *Course* is a wonderfully elementary book, and introduces new distinctions into linguistics without which it would be hard now to think usefully about language at all. The most momentous of these is the distinction Saussure makes between *langue* and *parole*. The *langue* is not real but ideal: the abstract system of rules and relations worked out for a given language by the linguist; the *parole* is what actually gets said or written, the day-to-day manifestations made possible by the *langue*. Nonsensical mistakes are still made about language whenever these two aspects are confused. Leading on from this is Saussure's sovereign axiom that language is form, not substance. This sounds obscure, but isn't; what Saussure meant is that the units of a language do not persist in glorious independence of one another but are mobile forms which can only be defined by their relations with other forms within the same system. The sounds and meanings we rely on exist only in so far as they are distinct from other sounds and meanings in our language.

This, one could say, was the insight which created structuralism, and which makes Saussure a giant presence in the intellectual history of the century. He is one of those who have done most to stamp out essentialism, the comfortable old belief that individual entities were somehow self-sufficient. Culler deals briefly but ambitiously with Saussure's influence, not just on linguistics but on the social sciences in general, above all as the first man (the first European, anyway) to moot the scientific study of all sign systems, or semiology. Semiology is as yet an infant, uncertain discipline; properly developed, it should be able to say what any cultural phenomenon means to the culture it is part of – an impressive and gratifying feat.

For Martin Esslin it will come too late; a bit more semiological nous could have kept his *Artaud* on the rails. Esslin is prone to see Artaud as a force of nature instead of a force of culture, to interpret his *recorded* yellings, for instance, 'as outbursts of such a deep intensity of anguish beyond speech that they freeze the blood'. But to respond in this sentimental way to Artaud is to misread him. Artaud's programme was an attack on articulacy: he wanted fewer words and more strong effects on the stage because he thought that was the way to move people. He wanted, in fact, inarticulacy to be prized as a conventional virtue, a contradiction which Esslin seems to miss.

The case for Artaud is a weak one, and

NEW FICTION SOCIETY

supported by the Arts Council

NOT JUST A BOOK CLUB

Certainly you can get-at up to 35% discount – the two best contemporary novels every month, chosen by an expert panel – though you need only take 4 a year out of our 24 choices. But the NFS is not primarily a book club. You really belong to a Society which is conducting a crusade: to create a healthy climate for a vital part of our diet. Membership itself costs nothing. You can spend as much or (more or less) as little as you like.

KEEPING IN TOUCH

The NFS pleasurably keeps you in touch with the most vigorous and exciting events in the imaginative life of this country. It's meant for those who need more than television offers, who want the best in entertainment at home but prefer to do more of their own thinking.

MAKING SENSE

The NFS helps you make sense, in private, of public issues: politics, class warfare, minorities, civil or domestic strife, the regions, high society, in-worlds. We choose for you any serious attempt in narrative to make an original and revealing pattern of any and every aspect of the current scene.

ENTHUSIASM

The NFS is a Society for enthusiasts, for anyone who believes that our world still contains in its culture the energy and invention to save itself. British novelists are in the fighting line; we bring you their monthly reports. Our chosen novels make hard news and easy reading.

Try us for a year for a tenner. Share our excitement about the Britain (and world) which our novelists reflect, explore, celebrate. Look at the alternatives on the coupon.

To NEW FICTION SOCIETY
55 High Street, Frimley, Surrey GU16 5JE

I wish to become a member of The New Fiction Society and agree to purchase four or more books each year from the selections reviewed.

☐ I enclose £10 as an advance subscription to cover future purchases. Please send me free of charge the signed limited edition I have indicated.

☐ I enclose £1.50 for the signed limited edition I have indicated and will purchase future books cash-with-order.

☐ Kingsley Amis: The Anti-Death League
☐ Iris Murdoch: The Nice and the Good
☐ Margaret Drabble: The Waterfall
☐ Piers Paul Read: The Junkers
☐ Dinah Brooke: The Miserable Child
☐ V. S. Naipaul: A House for Mr Biswas

PLEASE PRINT
Name Mr/Mrs/Miss.....
Address .....
..... POST CODE.....

Please make cheques payable to the New Fiction Society. Allow 21 days for delivery

Reg. No. 1184180 England. Reg. Office: 7 Albemarle Street, London W1.

NS3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made only half-heartedly here. Esslin suggests that Artaud is a master not for what he wrote or achieved in the theatre but for the excessive and sometimes tedious nonconformism of his life. After years of noisy eccentricity, he was finally locked up in an asylum: he makes a sad, unattractive advertisement for the libertarian causes he is now held to represent. Artaud may have revised the conventions of Western drama; Saussure went far deeper – he put us on the track of convention itself and the huge part it plays in all our dealings.

Blair Worden

Nos Semblables

This War Without an Enemy: A History of the English Civil Wars by RICHARD OLLARD *Hodder & Stoughton* £6.95

The relationship between scholars and their potential lay audience has reached a point of crisis. Part of the blame lies with historians themselves: unreadable books do not deserve to be published, and few historians have mastered the art of *haute vulgarisation*. Part of it may lie with the difficulties of the press, where important works of scholarship, unless written by famous authors, are now rarely reviewed. But part of it lies too with the financial straits, or with the frail nerves, of publishers. Peter Brook has coined the phrase 'deadly theatre' to identify the enemy of his theatrical crusade. Publishers of history books retreat increasingly on to 'deadly history'; and the nerveless, painless prose which is its hallmark has found its most lucrative home in picture-books.

Fortunately, not all picture-books are deadly. *This War Without an Enemy* is one of the honourable exceptions. In hands as sensitive as Mr Ollard's, the visual legacy of the past is used not as patronising decoration but as an informative complement to an intelligent text. Mr Ollard's prose, although occasionally a little creamy for the present reviewer's taste, is consistently graceful, courteous and perceptive. Generally abreast of recent research, but never allowing himself to be weighed down by it, he guides us skilfully through the complex events and issues of the Civil War period. Brief as the book is, it provides as lucid and attractive an introduction to its subject as the 'general reader', for whom it is expressly written, could expect.

Professional historians will discover nothing new from Mr Ollard's narrative, but they could profitably leaf through his illustrations. Most recent writing on the Puritan Revolution has been written for – or at any rate about – the winning side. Puritanism was essentially an anti-visual ideology, and Mr Ollard reminds us how much of the 17th century we miss by concentrating so heavily upon it. Perhaps he himself does not concentrate on it enough. Like Pepys, the subject of his previous book, Mr Ollard is primarily an

Weidenfeld Nicolson

Oil Sheikhs

LINDA BLANDFORD

The fascination of the Arab oil millionaires—journalist Linda Blandford explores their private world as no one has done before: their business practices; their feudal institutions; their family relationships; their habits and customs; their wealth and their women. Serialised in the Sunday Times. £5.25

The Abyss

MARGUERITE YOURCENAR

By the author of *The Memoirs of Hadrian* and winner of the Prix Goncourt. 'A masterpiece. One of those rare works of art which engulf the reader: it is like entering a temple or a forest. It is at once a novel and a total view of the Renaissance. This book portrays not only the passions of the flesh and of the heart, but something which is rarer still, the passions of the mind.' LE FIGARO LITTERAIRE. £4.95

Victor Hugo

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Joanna Richardson's critical biography takes account of the many unpublished documents at La Maison de Victor Hugo in Paris. She advances a new theory about Mme Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, and reveals significant new facts about the poet's family. Written with an exceptional knowledge of the period, this is a biography of a titanic and still controversial figure. £10.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the Principals we have stood by for over 140 years.

Below is an extensive list of governments, local bodies and authorities.

Since 1833, at one time or another, they have been Principals of the Crown Agents.

And who are the Crown Agents?

To put it simply, we are Crown servants whose office it is intended should become, subject to legislation, a Public Corporation. Our function is to serve overseas governments and State organisations – our Principals – in whatever way they need professional help.

For example, the services we have been called on to provide have ranged from supplying Queen bees to Samoa to the supervising of the building of Golden Rock airport at St. Kitts; from preparation and specification of tenders for 21 diesel-electric locomotives for the Nigerian Railway Corporation to rushing blood plasma to badly-burned seamen in Gibraltar; from recruiting marine pilots for Apapa and doctors for The Gambia to shipping 61,000 kilos of aerial equipment for a TV station in Brunei – then building, equipping and staffing the complete system.

From the provision of shoelaces to the implementation of a complete communication system, no request is too large or too small.

But you might think that, as more and more nations become self-supporting, demands on our services would be lessening. However, the reverse is the case.

In the past few years our services and activities have grown to such an extent that we are now able to offer our Principals a greater range of help for their requirements than at any time in our 143 years.

And these Principals know that with the Crown Agents they are getting the best advice and the best value their money can buy.

With us that is a matter of principle.

GOVERNMENTS:
Abu Dhabi; Anguilla; Antigua; Bahamas; Bahrain; Bangladesh; Barbados; Belize; Bermuda; Botswana; British Antarctic Territory; Brunei; Cyprus; Dominica.

Dubai; Egypt; Ethiopia; Falkland Islands; Fiji; The Gambia; Ghana; Gibraltar; Gilbert Islands; Grenada; Guyana; Hong Kong; Indonesia; Jamaica; Jordan; Kenya; Lesotho; Malawi.

Malaysia, Federation of (Johore, Kedah, Kelantan, Melaka, Negri Sembilan, Pahang, Penang, Perak, Perlis, Sabah, Sarawak, Selangor, Trengganu).

Mauritius; Montserrat; Nepal; New Hebrides – British Service; New Hebrides – Condominium.

Nigeria, Federal Government (Anambra State, Bauchi State, Bendel State, Benue State, Borno State, Cross River State, Gongola State, Imo State, Kaduna State, Kano State, Kwara State, Lagos State, Niger State, Ogun State, Ondo State, Oyo State, Plateau State, Rivers State, Sokoto State).

Oman; Pakistan; Papua New Guinea; St Christopher-Nevis-Anguilla; St Helena; St Lucia; St Vincent; Saudi Arabia; Seychelles; Sierra Leone; Singapore; Solomon Islands; Sri Lanka; Sudan; Swaziland; Tanzania; Thailand; Tonga; Trinidad and Tobago; Turks and Caicos Islands; Tuvalu; Uganda; United Arab Emirates; United Kingdom; United Republic of Cameroon, (West Province); Western Samoa; Yemen Arab Republic; Yemen, People's Democratic Republic of; Zambia; Zanzibar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTS AND HARBOURS:
Solomon Islands Port Authority; East African Harbours Corporation; Gambia Ports Authority; Kelang Port Authority; Kuching Port Authority; Nigerian Ports Authority; Penang Port Commission; Port of Aden Authority; Sierra Leone Ports Authority; Singapore Ports Authority.

RAILWAYS AND TRANSPORT:
East African Railways Corporation; Indonesia State Railway; Jamaica Railway Corporation; Kowloon-Canton Railway.

Malayan Railway Administration; Nigerian Railway Corporation; Sabah State Railways; Sierra Leone Railway; Sri Lanka Railway; Sri Lanka Transport Board.

BANKS AND CURRENCY BOARDS:
Asian Development Bank; Bank Indonesia; Bank Negara Malaysia; Bank of Botswana; Bank of Ghana; Bank of Guyana; Bank of Jamaica; Bank of Mauritius; Bank of Sierra Leone.

Bank of Tanzania; Bank of Uganda; Bank of Yemen; Bank of Zambia; Belize Currency Board; Bermuda Monetary Authority; Board of Commissioners of Currency, Singapore; Brunei Currency Board; Caribbean Development Bank.

Cayman Islands Currency Board; Central Bank of the Bahamas; Central Bank of Barbados; Central Bank of Cyprus; Central Bank of Gambia; Central Bank of Jordan; Central Bank of Kenya.

Central Bank of Nigeria; Central Bank of Trinidad and Tobago; East Caribbean Currency Authority; Fiji Central Monetary Authority; The Monetary Authority of Singapore; Reserve Bank of Malawi; United Arab Emirates Currency Board.

BROADCASTING, POSTS, COMMUNICATIONS AND ELECTRICITY:
Bahamas Electricity Corporation; Bahrain Electricity Department; Solomon Islands Electricity Authority; Ceylon Electricity Board; Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation; Dubai Radio and Colour TV Service; East Africa Power and Lighting Co Ltd.

East African Posts and Telecommunications Corporation; Electricity Supply Commission of Malawi; Fiji Electricity Authority; Fiji Posts and Telecommunications Department.

Guyana Telecommunications Corporation; Jordan Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs; Jordan Telecommunications Corporation; Mauritius Central Electricity Board; National Electricity Board of the States of Malaysia; National Electric Power Authority (Nigeria); Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation.

Public Corporation for Electric Power, People's Democratic Republic of the Yemen; Sabah Electricity Board.

Sarawak Electricity Supply Corporation; Sarawak Posts and Telecommunications; Sierra Leone Electricity Corporation; Singapore Telecommunications Authority; Swaziland Electricity Board.

Thailand Metropolitan Electricity Authority; Voice of Kenya; Western Nigeria Government Broadcasting Corporation; Zambia Electricity Supply Corporation Ltd; Zanzibar State Fuel and Power Corporation.

UNIVERSITIES AND SCHOOLS:
Ahmadu Bello University; Benin University; Benin University Teaching Hospital.

Eastern Caribbean Farm Institute; Enugu Institute of Management and Technology; Fourah Bay College; Gulf Technical College, Bahrain; Hong Kong University; Ibadan University; Ibadan University College Hospital; Kaduna Polytechnic; Lagos University Teaching Hospital.

Makerere University, Kampala; Malawi University; Mara Institute of Technology Library; Mauritius University; Mombasa Polytechnic; Nigerian Civil Aviation Training Centre.

Njala University College; North East College of Arts and Sciences, Nigeria; Uganda Technical College; University of Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland.

University of Calabar; University of Ife; University of Malaya; University of Nairobi; University of Nigeria; University of Singapore; University of South Pacific; University of West Indies; Zaria College of Arts, Science and Technology.

The Crown Agents also act for the United Nations and as authorised Agents for projects financed by the International Development Association, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (World Bank), the Asian Development Bank and the African Development Bank. In addition to acting in philatelic matters for many of the Governments listed, the Crown Agents also administer the Australian Stamp Bureau in London on behalf of the Australian Post Office.

Crown Agents

The Crown Agents for
Oversea Governments & Administrations,
4 Millbank, London SW1P 3JD. Tel: 01-222 7730.
Cable: Crown London SW1. Telex: 916205.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observer. What interests him about the 17th century is its widening range of observation: a widening which we can see as an intellectual process, reflected in the scientific discoveries of the century or in the advances of classical and historical scholarship, but which we can also see as a human process, reflected in the development of the arts of portraiture and biography. To that development the Puritans, who were better at describing themselves than at describing other people, had little to contribute. Mr Ollard thinks that

> Terrorism, kidnapping, violence of one sort and another are now so familiar an element of political life in the once sedate centres of Western civilisation that we are perhaps better equipped to enter imaginatively into the experience of civil war than the great scholars of the Victorian and Edwardian age.

The parallel may not be entirely apposite, and the claim may not be entirely justified; but it is true that the questions of power and sovereignty which so exercised the participants in the Civil War strike an increasingly familiar echo. The Victorians and Edwardians thought that they knew the answers to those questions, and that the confusion of 17th-century politicians could be explained by the constitutional immaturity of the age. Today we are not so sure; and Thomas Hobbes, who in response to the Civil War produced, in his *Leviathan*, the greatest work on political obligation in our literature, seems at times to speak more directly to us than to any generation since his own.

Now in Paperback

DISSENT IN THE USSR

Politics, Ideology and People

Edited by Rudolf L. Tökés

Twelve leading experts on the USSR examine contemporary Soviet dissent as revealed in certain kinds of underground publications, or *samizdat* – book-length studies, memoirs, poetry, and songs. Drawing extensively on 1,500 *samizdat* documents collected in the West, personal interviews, and obscure Russian- and Western-language material which refer to Medvedev and Sakharov among others, these studies attempt to analyse the Soviet dissidents' record since the early 1960s from the vantage points of politics, history, sociology, philosophy, and law.

480 pages. Cloth £8.50. Paper £2.95.

The Johns Hopkins University Press

2-4 Brook Street, London W1

Marina Warner

The Go-Between

A Hidden Life: The Enigma of Sir Edmund Backhouse by HUGH TREVOR-ROPER *Macmillan* £4.95

In the North-East corner of the Forbidden City in Peking, there is a well. On most maps it is marked 'The Pearl Concubine's Well', and the interpreter from the China Travel Service will point to it and declare, 'This is where the Empress Dowager had the eunuchs throw Jen Fei down.' It is an important part of the lexicon of past horrors that the Emperor's palace in Peking represents. Although the well mouth looked a bit small, I had only the feeblest glimmer of scepticism when I saw it. At most, I thought tradition might have picked on the wrong well.

Now, with Hugh Trevor-Roper's *A Hidden Life*, this monument to a famous act of tyranny can be absolved – though not the tyrant herself. The Pearl Concubine died, but not like this. For the main source for the crime is the Diary of His Excellency Ching Shan, saved from the flames by Sir Edmund Backhouse, and translated and published by him in collaboration with J. O. P. Bland in the classic *China Under the Empress Dowager* of 1910. 'Let her die at once,' commands the Dowager in the Diary, 'as a warning to all undutiful children, and to those "hsiao" birds who, when fledged, peck out their mother's eyes.' The word 'hsiao' is duly embellished with a footnote: 'A species of owl – classical reference.'

This is vintage Backhouse. All of it – the episode, the Empress's order, the circumstantial eye-witness account which transfixed readers through eight impressions in the first 18 months and gave the West the first insider's look into the Manchu court, the 'classical reference' above all – is bogus. The whole diary was dreamed up and written down by Sir Edmund Backhouse, the protagonist of Trevor-Roper's wonderfully witty book. Nor was Backhouse content to write it down in English and claim that the Chinese original was elsewhere. He composed it in Chinese, and his friend J. O. P. Bland deposited it as a great historical document in the British Museum, where it remains today. A work of fiction sometimes paints an age more surely than a work of history, and in this regard the diary is authentic enough. But in all other respects, it is, as Trevor-Roper says, 'a masterpiece of the forger's art'. Controversy surrounded it in Backhouse's lifetime, but no one, not even his chief detractor, 'Chinese' Morrison of *The Times*, suggested that Backhouse himself had faked it. Now, however, there can be no doubt that he was the author, because Trevor-Roper reveals that the diary, while representing the apogee of a fantastist's career, is only one instance in a remarkable series of hoaxes.

Edmund Backhouse was the son of a banking baronet from a Quaker family, went to St George's, Ascot, where the headmaster's delight in beating small boys has been immortalised by several English belles-lettristes, and thereafter to Winchester and Oxford. But the training of an English gentleman was all in vain: he vanished without a degree; leaving a debt of £23,000 – in 1895. Three years later he was in China, displaying his outstanding linguistic abilities. He would stay in China, on and off, until his death in 1944. A tendency to vanish, extravagance, and an inability to complete undertakings unless guided by a strong hand remained lifetime characteristics.

He was, in Bland's opinion, 'a flabby mortal, and timid'. Unctuous towards the strong men who were attracted by his gifts and his ductile nature, obsequiously grateful and whiningly self-pitying by turns, adept at deception, intrigue, conspiracy, Backhouse was never timid in his schemes, and with a certain sly gravity Trevor-Roper uncovers the steps, each more fantastical than the next, that Backhouse took to create his chimeras. For Backhouse, as one of the few brilliant Sinologists in China, claiming an array of contacts within the Great Within itself, seemed invaluable to the galère of entrepreneurs trying to squeeze profit from the disintegrating China of the early 20th century. A glittering trade in battleships, banknotes, weapons, and imperial jewels was dangled before greedy eyes by Backhouse the go-between. The rummest of his enterprises put the King of England momentarily in touch with dozens of phantom Chinese contractors. But, however deeply he became entangled and entangled others, he was always thought blameless. The phantom contractors were guilty. Few men ever reproached the mild, erratic linguist for anything worse than flab.

A Hidden Life is a model of the biographer's art. Trevor-Roper has raised Edmund Backhouse from the grave-bands of Foreign Office files, company records, librarians' letters; and through him he has revealed the gaudy, overripe world of China in her decadence, not the cruel, eunuch-ridden court that preoccupied Backhouse, but the real savagery of the mercantile thrust in the days of imperial decline and raw revolutionary fervour. It is an unusual picture, because all too often the sources for foreign enterprise in China are the entrepreneurs themselves, with their ruffianly contempt for Chinese corruption and their unflinching use of it to their own advantage. Through Trevor-Roper's Backhouse gone native in Peking, we are shown this now vanished world in a different light.

The quest for Backhouse began when his two-volume autobiography was handed over by an anonymous donor to the Regius Professor in a cloak-and-dagger ritual at Basle airport in 1973. Trevor-Roper tells us that the memoirs are a 'pornographic novelette', a tedious, phallocentric concatenation of mainly homosexual fantasies crowned by triumph as no less than the Empress Dowager's favourite. He does not quote from them, except in the briefest phrases. But Backhouse was the man who put the final polish on the rhetoric of Oriental despotism, perfecting the 'Tremble and Obey' flourish. It was Backhouse who translated so felicitously the imperial decrees,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentencing a traitor in these words:

> As to Su Shun . . . he fully deserves the punishment of dismemberment and the slicing process . . . But we cannot make up our mind to impose this extreme penalty, and therefore, in our clemency, we sentence him to immediate decapitation.

If one considers the woodenness of most contemporary renderings from the Chinese, one can only wish that Trevor-Roper had seen fit to quote some passages from the memoirs of a man with such a turn of phrase, however scabrous he had become in his dotage.

John Carey

The Elect Celt

Matthew Arnold: Poet and Prophet by A. L. ROWSE *Thames & Hudson* £6.50

Essentially Dr Rowse has two things to say about Arnold. The first is that he was a Celt. The evidence for this is his mother's Cornish ancestry, his long nose (which ran in her family), and his temperament – 'gaiety on top, a certain sparkle, an undoubted charm for those who were responsive, maddening for the clods who were not; profoundly melancholy, sceptical and pessimistic underneath'. Maybe: but it's tempting to reply that a great many people, beside Dr Rowse and Celts, like to think of themselves as sparkling, profound clod-maddeners, and that upon so general and popular a diagnosis it's perhaps risky to base a theory of racial determinism. Naturally Dr Rowse makes much play with Arnold's *Study of Celtic Literature*, which elaborates racial theories quite as confident as his own. But it's worth pointing out that the Celtic genius there evoked – fierce, sensuous, irrational – looks remarkably unlike Arnold. That Arnold felt no stirrings in his Celtic roots, revisited Cornwall only once (at the age of four), and attached himself to the Teutonic camp by his admiration for Goethe and Germany, are all circumstances that Dr Rowse is obliged to deplore. What's more, he berates Arnold for his 'thinness and limitedness of imagination' – a shamefully un-Celtic trait, one gathers. Even on its own terms, then, the case seems wobbly. It should be added that an amusing antidote to Arnold's (and Dr Rowse's) racial researches can be found in Lionel Trilling's *Matthew Arnold* – a book which, in breadth and authority, leaves the present one some way behind.

The second thing Dr Rowse has to say is more interesting: that Arnold inspired the system of secondary education eventually incorporated in the 1902 Education Act, and that this, together with his patient drudgery as an inspector of elementary schools, and his championship of state education against the nonconformists, adds up to a far greater achievement than anything his celebrated father did at Rugby. True, this emphasis isn't entirely novel – Dr Rowse records his debt to W. F.

FICTION

Beryl Bainbridge

A QUIET LIFE *Beryl Bainbridge*
'A near-perfect book,' *New Statesman*
'Truly remarkable insight,' *TLS*
'A writer to her nerve-ends,' *Guardian*

NOUGHTS & CROSSES *Helen Muir*
Second novel, following *Don't Call It Love*
('the first novel I most enjoyed during the year,' Robert Robinson, *BBC Book Programme*).

WOOLWORTH MADONNA *Elizabeth Troop*
A novel of sex and class which transcends the clichés of both.

BY FLOWER AND DEAN STREET *Patrice Chaplin*
Jack's back. The Ripper makes a ghostly reappearance when two people find themselves mysteriously possessed.

BLUE SKIES *Helen Hodgman*
First novel. Murder and incest among the garden gnomes in suburban Tasmania.

GENERAL

TWO MONSOONS *Theon Wilkinson*
350 years of European daily life in India as revealed by the amazing epitaphs and monuments left behind.

CURTAIN CALLS *Leslie Gardiner*
Unusual travels in Albania, Romania and Bulgaria.

THE IRISH GIANT *G. Frankcom and J. Musgrave*
The life and anatomy of the tallest man.

THE LEE AND KENNY EVERETT COOKERY BOOK
'Prepare for a Flood! This book is so good it will make your entire body water,' writes Kenny Everett.

MUSIC

BEECHAM REMEMBERED *H. Procter-Gregg*
Reminiscences, packed with anecdote, of a great character who was one of the brightest stars of English music.

MUSIC IN THE 1920s *Richard Shead*
Entertaining account of the most characteristic elements of inter-war music, with special attention to ballet and opera.

HUMOUR

HOW TO BE A PERFECT HUSBAND *W. Heath Robinson*
and HOW TO LIVE IN A FLAT *W. Heath Robinson*
Two new Heath Robinson reprints from the 1930s.

MAN IN THE SHOWER *Peter Arno*
A collection of the best work of the cartoonist who, with Thurber, was one of the two supreme cartoonists of the *New Yorker* in the 30s and 40s.

CHILDREN

THE WILLY THE KID BOOK *Leo Baxendale*
New comic annual drawn and written by Leo Baxendale (author of 'The Bash Street Kids' etc) whose work has dominated British comics for the past 23 years, winner of this year's Ally Sloper Award for the Best Children's Comic Cartoonist.

DE BEVER HALL *Rosemary ffolliott*
Evocative story, beautifully illustrated with photographs, about a family and their life in the author's dolls house.

ACADEMIC

THE ORIGINS OF THE MOROCCO QUESTION: 1880-1900
F. V. Parsons
GEOARCHAEOLOGY *Shackley & Davidson (eds)*
PROBLEMS IN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL ARCHAEOLOGY
Sieveking et al *(eds)*
PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL STRUCTURE: S.E. ASIA
D. E. Brown

DUCKWORTH

The Old Piano Factory, 43 Gloucester Crescent, London NW1
01-485 3484

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Connell's *The Educational Thought and Influence of Matthew Arnold* (1950). True, too, Dr Rowse isn't an ideal commentator, since he suffers from disabling fits of spleen when he comes across topics such as democracy and equality. Still, he chronicles Arnold's long fight on behalf of England's benighted children with spirit and sympathy – adding, though, that things have 'completely changed' nowadays, and that it's our present job to tell the masses they are 'profoundly insignificant'. In recounting the campaign against the Nonconformists, Dr Rowse, always game for a slap at Puritanism, sides jubilantly with Arnold. He does not remark, as in fairness he might, that dissenters were at the time debarred from university fellowships, so that for an Oxford Professor of Poetry to jeer at the narrowness of their culture was both mean and irrational. Miall's paper, *The Nonconformist*, put this point with some dignity in replying to *Culture and Anarchy*.

As a title, *Matthew Arnold: Celtic Educationalist* would, then, more accurately reflect the scope of this book. For the rest, the wonder is how little of Arnold gets in. Dr Rowse quotes from some of the poems, but limits himself, in the matter of criticism, to indicating which are 'inspired' and which 'willed'. To tell the difference you listen for a 'tremor' in the rhythm – though you have to have a 'perceptive poetic ear' to detect this. He also gives excerpts from the Marguerite poems, adding exclamations and queries – 'What does this mean – that he held back?' Since the details of the affair are lost, this method is necessarily a bit unilluminating.

Arnold's own literary criticism is likewise cursorily treated. Dr Rowse explains at the start that too much fuss has been made about it in the past, and that to 'philosophic intelligences' it is of secondary importance. This conviction seems to have deterred him from reading it with overmuch attention. He demands, for instance, why Arnold, while devoting space to minor French writers, failed to draw the attention of the English public to figures like Sainte-Beuve, Renan and Flaubert. It's a pretty odd question for an authority on Arnold to ask; for Arnold repeatedly alludes to both Sainte-Beuve and Renan (as, for instance, in 'The Literary Influence of Academies' or in 'Maurice de Guérin', where Sainte-Beuve is called 'the first of living critics'), and in his essay on Tolstoy he makes his opinion of Flaubert (and of Sainte-Beuve's opinion of Flaubert) clear.

Still, if the book is thin on Arnold, it projects an ample picture of Dr Rowse himself. His pet hates – trade unions, ordinary people, reviewers ('such asses') – are well documented. So is his scorn for religious thinkers and the 'nonsense squabbles' in which they have traditionally engaged. One such squabble, we learn, is the controversy over 'election', which Dr Rowse takes to be meaningless. To fancy one is of 'the elect' is, he explains, merely to betray one's 'egoism, self-assertion and aggression'. This being so, it's puzzling that in other parts of the book he freely uses terms such as 'the elect' and 'elect spirits' to designate persons like himself, as distinct from the 'idiot people'. We read, for instance, that the masses are hardly capable of education – 'only the elect are'. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me to follow, from Dr Rowse's own argument, either that he is hardly capable of education, or that he is using a meaningless term to betray his own 'egoism', self-assertion and aggression'. Perhaps both.

My Organic Uncle
and other stories
David Pownall
"A brilliant little volume."
—*Tina Brown, New Statesman*
"His bizarre humour isn't forced, and his jokes spring naturally from the situations he sets up so cleverly."
—*Paul Bailey, The Observer*
"There is a cumulative power: the power of a warm intelligence that brings together scraps of disparate experience into a surprisingly coherent fabric."
—*Nick Totton, The Spectator*
"A book to be read and relished slowly."—*Isobel Murray, The Financial Times*
Faber & Faber £3.95

Robert Melville

Naked Youth

David Hockney by DAVID HOCKNEY *Thames & Hudson* £10.00

A few years back, when David Hockney was returning from one of his trips to the States, he bought on 42nd Street several issues of two male nudist magazines, *Naked Youth* and *Golden Boys*. They were seized by customs on the grounds that they were pornographic. The fact that they are popular with queens doesn't make them pornographic. They are simply photographs of naked boys in various poses, without an erection in sight. Hockney made his point of view clear to customs and threatened a court action. He meant it. He kept up his protests and after a period of weeks got to the top man, who said that the magazines were obviously pornographic.

> So I said, 'Come on, I'm giving you one last chance. Why are they pornographic?' And he said, 'Why, in one of the pictures the boys have painted their genitals with psychedelic colours.'

Customs gave way before the case came to court, and perhaps not inappropriately the mags were delivered to Hockney by someone in the Queen's service. His art is in every sense of the word 'gay'. It is lighthearted, showy, brilliant and discloses his sexual inclinations. I'm a bit too timid to flash the very big name that comes to mind whenever I see his life drawings of the male nude. It's not enough to say that unlike the other he doesn't idealise, he celebrates, and he doesn't go in for contrapposto which celebrates the artist rather than the model.

Some of the finest of these drawings are of Peter Schlesinger:

> Peter and I lived together. Peter's the only person I've really lived with; we were lovers. I've lived with other people but not really as lovers. And of course it makes a difference: life was a little quieter.

And the present writer fancies he perceives a little difference in the drawings.

Hockney's homosexuality pervades his art. He dislikes the female nude and when he was a student at the Royal College he protested so vehemently about the ugliness of the female models that he was allowed to take along a good-looking boy friend to pose for the life class; but the other students were not interested and he had him all to himself.

In his only serious painting of the female nude he took a couple of naked girls straight out of Muybridge's *Human Figure in Motion*. He even adopted the title of the photograph, *Seated Woman Drinking Tea, Being Served by Standing Companion*, and he uses the total absence of intimacy in their posed relationship as an amusingly oblique comment on Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*; the curtains behind them and the pot of Matisse-like flowers which wickedly substitutes for Picasso's bowl of fruit complete the take-off. I must add that the picture is so well painted that take-off becomes homage. After painting the double portrait of Celia and Ossie Clark, he drew, as he says, 'a lot closer to Celia' and he has devoted innumerable drawings to her image, clothed of course.

The book is a verbal and visual autobiography. The verbal part is based on about 25 hours of tapes, edited with Hockney's collaboration by Nikos Stangos, and there is an excellent introduction by Henry Geldzahler, curator of 20th-century art at the Metropolitan Museum, whose likeness appears in some of Hockney's best work. Hockney tells us in a wonderfully straightforward way about what triggered off most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the paintings and many of the graphics reproduced in the book, and it's so brilliant and clear an account of how his art becomes inextricably involved with life that it amounts to a genuine break-through in communication.

When he went to the Royal College of Art he tried his hand at abstract expressionism, which was all the rage with the livelier students, but he became very bored; and Ron Kitaj, who was four years older and was at the RCA on a GI grant, said, 'Why don't you paint what interests you – your vegetarianism, your political views?'

> So I began to paint these subjects. But I still hadn't the nerve to paint figure pictures; the idea of figure pictures was considered really anti-modern, so I started writing on the pictures.

The writing was soon accompanied by Dubuffet-like figures, and on the spine of one of them he wrote 'the most beautiful boy in the world'; although the figure was downright ugly it was painted with immense verve. In another, entitled *Emphasis on Stillness,* depicting a leopard hurtling down on to two unsuspecting men, he inserted a line of writing between the leaping animal and the men which reads: 'They are perfectly safe. This is a still.' Then he painted a huge picture called *Procession of Dignitaries in the Semi-Egyptian Style,* a wildly comic assertion of his non-conformism in which he began to play with the idea of pictorial miscegenation. The follow-up was the two famous paintings which celebrate the marriages of 20th-century bridegrooms and Ancient Egyptian brides.

A lot of people know Hockney only as the painter of young men in Californian swimming pools, which is not all that surprising. To the young at least it must be an archetypal image of the good life. They are his greatest popular success and there was a market for endless repetitions. But he painted no more than three or four; his chief concern was with the treatment of water and they contain not only his dazzling curvilinear device for the stirring of the water but capture subtle differences in the light on and in the water when seen from different angles. In three swimming pool pictures which followed, a diving figure disappears in a big splash, and again it's how to treat the uprush of water that holds his attention. The paintings of boys under showers underline his Leonardesque fascination with running water.

Photographs have served his purposes in various ways. A fascinating example is *The Room, Tarzana* which depicts a young man lying face down on a bed in a sunlit room. The room is a faithful transcription of a colour plate in a Macy catalogue; for the figure which is so perfectly integrated with its ready-made setting, the model posed on a table in the artist's studio. It's one of his answers to photo-realism. Another, more complex, answer is his double portrait of Celia and Ossie Clark with Percy the white cat sitting on Ossie's lap. Any photographic material he has used has been absorbed into the composition. It's been criticised as too naturalistic, but perhaps more than any other painting of our time it arrives by a different route at the same conclusion we draw from the best of the Impressionists, that life is wonderful.

Jean Rhys

Sleep it off Lady

A new collection of stories from 'the finest living English novelist' **(A.Alvarez)**

£2.95

James Hanley

A Dream Journey

'An extraordinarily vital novel; you can almost hear the characters breathe' David Leitch, **New Fiction**

£3.95

Lyndon Johnson & the American Dream

Doris Kearns

'Surpassingly the most moving biography ever written about an American president' **D. Telegraph**

£6.95

Scarlett, Rhett & a Cast of Thousands

Roland Flamini

'Wild, bitter, nutty and almost incredible' George Thaw, **D. Mirror**
'I read it from cover to cover at one sitting' Benny Green, **Spectator**

£4.95 illustrated

Some Time in the Sun

Tom Dardis

The Hollywood Years of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Nathanael West, Aldous Huxley and James Agee

£5.50 illustrated

Josiah Wedgwood

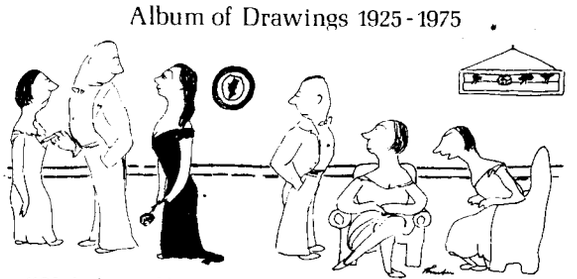
Anthony Burton

'A lively, workmanlike biography, particularly good on the industrial background' **Spectator**

£4.95 illustrated

The New Yorker

Album of Drawings 1925-1975



"She's been this way ever since she saw 'Camille.'"

'An excellent guide to the politer forms of lunacy' **Observer**

£7.50 500 illustrations

ANDRE DEUTSCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dick Francis
In the Frame
'His best for several seasons. Delightfully euphoric and suspenseful, with background of Melbourne in Cup Week.'
Observer
£3.25

Allen Drury
A God Against the Gods
'An enthralling treatment, giving the most persuasive and human account of Akhenaten that I have ever read. I find it absolutely fascinating.'
Mary Renault
£4.75

Barry Unsworth
The Big Day
Cuthbertson's School of Further Studies issues degrees to those who pay for them and provides the setting for Barry Unsworth's brilliantly funny and sharply observed fifth novel. His previous book, **Mooncranker's Gift**, won the Heinemann Award in 1973.
'Moves with light comic ease.' *The Times*
£3.95

Michael Joseph

Valentine Cunningham

Advance Levels

Victorian Novelists and Publishers by J. A. SUTHERLAND *Athlone Press* £7.00

The rewards of the literary profession, Thackeray once bluffed in a doubtless not unrewarded piece headed 'The Dignity of Literature', 'are not to be measured by the money standard'. That he had to be kidding is the burden of J. A. Sutherland's first-rate inspection of Victorian novelists' dealings with and, in the case of Dickens, dealings *as* publishers. Victorian readers, of course, wanted to be kidded, and Trollope's frank avowals of a continual mercenary interest – that zesty attention in his *Autobiography* to where the last halfpenny had come from – disturbed lots of them. Naïveté was easier then. They couldn't so readily come by the sense of reality quickly induced in us by the briefest glance at the collected letters of, say, Mrs Gaskell (with her increasingly brisk missives to Chapman: 'I am hoping for some improvement in either you or the undiscerning public, which, if they won't buy should be made to buy') or George Eliot, where the Leweses' careful tottings-up of each year's takings are annually displayed. And there's apparently yet more eye-opening evidence of this kind, as Sutherland's useful dredging in the Charles Lever papers at the Pierpont Morgan Library or the British Library's Macmillan archive, and so on, amply indicates.

Still, it's a trifle disappointing that more Victorians didn't ponder their fiction's obsession with money – grubbed and fought and gambled for, sweated and strained over, inherited, stolen, lavished, squandered, lost, or even, alas, quite missed; but, above all, whether gotten well or ill, small matter so long as gotten – and connect it with the successful novelist's own quest for conspicuous consumption in the way of houses and lands and foreign hols and membership of the Athenaeum. Not, as a matter of fact, that Sutherland himself paused to reflect on the tight fit between the nakedly financial calculation of most Victorian novelists and that of their characters. He does, though, handily garner masses of data that make the connection stick.

It all adds up to what Orwell called a header into the sewage. Behind the decent facade of the three-decker's stability (it stayed a guinea and a half, 31s 6d., for the entire period), and the respectability and domestic facility of Congregationalist Mudie's circulating library (for the price of only two three-deckers – for only the merest whiff, in other words, of shop-counter vulgarity – a family of six could enjoy a year's moral fiction), there rampaged a dog-fighting world of eager authors, chiselling publishers and hypocritical librarians each greedy for the largest percentage they could squeeze. Raking in the big money that was going meant taking big risks: Chapman & Hall had a million publicity bills printed for *Our Mutual Friend*. And the way nobodies were pushed around – newcomers like Hardy, writers fallen among crooks like Newby and Curry, oldsters like Ainsworth stuck in no longer marketable genres – makes for grim reading. 'We have no income', a Mrs Moodie pleaded with Bentley, offering a sob-story about bereavement and a novel called *Dorothy Chance or the Fortunes of the Foundling*. A wiser Hardy had learned 'that on a first novel a writer must not expect to make money'.

No wonder Victorian novelists aged noticeably young. Should the goods of even established writers falter even slightly in the market-place, the publisher swooped. Trollope's asking price was cut drastically in the Seventies; Blackwood was reluctant to meet Lewes's for *Middlemarch*: 'our experience of *Felix Holt* is that we had given too much in that case.' Only Dickens became truly impregnable, and though it was a matter of eat or be eaten, novelists with the upper hand look scarcely more appetising than publishers. 'I propose you to pay me £6,000' was Dickens's way of coming to the conference table. Feelingly, one shares the exasperation of Blackwood's manager at Lewes's exorbitance: '*Comptism* ought to be spelt *Count*-ism.'

Paying, as they did, the piper, publishers generally tried to call the tune about the goods they wanted, and not the least interesting part of Sutherland's account examines the results of their, commonly philistine, critical interference. Broadly speaking they required a re-run of your, or somebody else's, last best-seller, and tried to insert the stipulation into the increasingly stiffer contract. It's scarcely surprising, either, to find the poacher adopting the same toughness as soon as he turned gamekeeper: Charles Reade's contract with Dickens's *All The Year Round* even insisted that he write 'to the utmost of his skill and ability'. A few blessings came in this disguise: Sutherland plausibly traces *Henry Esmond*'s unity and control to Thackeray's contract with Smith, embodying Charlotte Brontë's hint that Thackeray would be better off for some 'continuous narration'.

Most often, however, publishers might demand something 'precisely similar to the *Pickwick Papers* and *Nicholas Nickleby*' till they were blue in the face and still only end up with *Martin Chuzzlewit* – or worse. You couldn't contract for success. Nor did possessing the conditions for a certain kind of success guarantee it. And if there's one soft note of caution to sound about this excellent book it is that it seems at times to be assuming, a shade too reductively, that that might be the case. Of course successes like *Middlemarch* were determined by the publishing conditions assisting at their birth, but the structure of a *Middlemarch* comes about because more factors than just that set are operating. Chapman & Hall's inimitable success with *Pickwick* wasn't due only to their introducing publication by shilling parts at the apt moment or to hitting on a printer with modern equipment: it was, finally, because for the moment they and nobody else had – shilling numbers and new plant notwithstanding – the Inimitable actually putting the words down on the page for them to print and sell.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Claire Tomalin

What the Chain?

The Flesh is Frail: Byron's Letters and Journals Vol. VI 1818-1819 edited by LESLIE A. MARCHAND *Murray* £5.95
Byron by ELIZABETH LONGFORD *Hutchinson/Weidenfeld* £4.25

'Man, being reasonable, must get drunk': Byron in the second canto of *Don Juan*, written at the turn of 1818 and 1819, the end of a period of straightforward dissipation and just before embarking on a different style of intoxicant in the form of Countess Teresa Guiccioli. The need first to look at life levelly, and then to escape from what you saw, by one means or another, is here expressed in the 'classically elegant comic style' praised by Goethe. Byron was on the way to a more despairing view, that it was not drunkenness but only death that offered the alleviation. Volume VI of his letters, covering these years 1818 and 1819, is the first villainously depressing volume, the first in which no amount of brilliant performance – and there is still plenty of that – can make up for the underlying desolation. It is not just that the young man of 1812 who could boast airily of leaving Greece with 'an *Ague*, & a *clap*, and the Piles' is now tetchily on about dispatches of Magnesia, corn-rubbers and special toothbrushes; nor that what Peter Quennell called his 'sense of delinquency', which upheld him pretty well in England, has turned to crude displays and outbursts of uncontrolled bitterness – it is that you feel him to be set on a path from which there will be no escape. Even as in *Don Juan* he contains the incongruities he sees in life, he is being chewed up by them as a man living his own life.

The salient themes of these two years are, first, Byron's need for money: he kept 14 servants in the Mocegino palace on the Grand Canal and spent at the rate of £2,500 a year, of which 'more than half was laid out on the Sex'. To most of his correspondents he boasted of his prowess, his whores and his mistresses. Not much sense of pleasure there, rather the nagging need to have too much on his hands; rather the clap or a stiletto hovering near his ribs than ever risk turning from the manuscript page to find an untenanted sofa. Then there are complaints about the pusillanimity of his publishers and the British public when it comes to censorship of his poems. Then again, his reaction to the death of Lady Melbourne: 'the best & kindest & ablest female I ever knew . . . but . . . events of this kind leave only a kind of numbness worse than pain.'

By September he has finished the first canto of *Don Juan*; in November he is writing with jubilant bitterness about the suicide of Samuel Romilly, who had acted against him in the separation from his wife. April 1819 has his first mention of Teresa. Thereafter he acts the half-tamed role. But protestations of undying love in faulty Italian read a little emptily. Teresa cannot be taken too seriously as a lover. It's not merely that he wrote his most sexually explicit love letter to Augusta, his sister, in the midst of all this (Lady Longford has a characteristically witty phrase for the affair – 'the last detachment'). The man who can write after four months of having 'neither the strength of mind to break my chain, nor the insensibility which would deaden its weight' is not happy in love. Quennell saw Teresa's strength as her negativity; probably the language difficulty helped the illusion for a time. Byron liked to believe that women needed little more than sugar plums and mirrors and the Catholic religion. He himself knew about love as a game of power, jealousy and trials of will; he was a performer, wanting an audience and nursing (Quennell again) some puritan revulsion from women. It's unlikely he or his women recognised the lineaments of gratified desire.

Lady Longford prizes Byron for his freedom from cant, rightly stressing the way in which this divided him from 19th-century readers. Her knowledge and enthusiasm for even his minor verse is one of the excellences of her biography. She finds his prevailing voice – unsentimental, not coy, always ready to divert and be diverted, but not afraid of confronting emotion – congenial: 'one of us', she calls him, viewing

NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

The Rise and Fall of British Documentary
The Story of the Film Movement Founded by John Grierson
Elizabeth Sussex
'Elizabeth Sussex has written a model account of the British documentary film movement, pieced together from interviews with the film makers themselves, whose opinions are controversial, salty and always intellectually stimulating' – *The Economist*
219 pages, £6.50

First Images of America
The Impact of the New World on the Old
Edited by Fredi Chiappelli
The discovery of America brought an avalanche of new phenomena to the Old World: strange peoples, customs, animals and plants never before imagined by contemporary Europeans. This is the first comprehensive study dealing with the repercussions on Europe resulting from the discovery of the New World.
2 volume boxed set, 1,000 pages, £50.00

The Noble Savages
The Primitive Origins of Charisma and its Contemporary Survival
Bryan Wilson
In this book Bryan Wilson seeks to show the congeniality of charisma to the social conditions of less-developed peoples, and its growing marginality in modern society. Nobility appears to be a superseded virtue but the case is more subtle than any simple evolutionist conception of history might suggest.
60 pages, £3.95

Ishi in Two Worlds
A Biography of the Last Wild Indian in North America
Theodora Kroeber
The life story of Ishi, lone survivor of a doomed tribe, is unique in the annals of North American anthropology. The story this book tells is an unusual and engrossing one and the manner of its telling places it in the forefront of our literature about the American Indian.
A deluxe, illustrated edition.
296 pages, £9.50

The New Religious Conciousness
Edited by
Charles Y. Glock and Robert Bellah
A variety of perspectives is represented in this book: phenomenological, theological, experiential, sociological and social psychological. This analysis provides the first comprehensive study of American countercultural belief systems.
496 pages, £9.75

Suicide
Inside and Out
David K. Reynolds and Norman L. Farberow
This unique book describes research aimed at examining the causes of suicide among psychiatric patients. To study the effects of the ward environment on depresed patients, David Reynolds adopted the identity of a young war veteran and received treatment in a psychiatric hospital. This is the account of the interaction between his social world and his psychological functioning.
260 pages, £7.65

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
2-4 Brook Street London W1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him with very much the candour and appreciation shown by his favourite Lady Melbourne. It is an attraction of her book that she applies her experience and generosity of judgment to his career. What she does not attempt is an analysis of his inner self. Perhaps she was wise to avoid this at the length her publishers wanted, and with Quennell's ever-fresh and detailed volumes to hand. Missing, I think, is a sense of the tragedy, of Byron's blasting of himself. He broke the chain of love with ruthless disregard of others; and with the same self-disregard, the chain of his own life.

Peter Wilby

Turbulent Priests

William Tyndale: Collapse of a School – or a System? by JOHN GRETTON and MARK JACKSON *Allen & Unwin* £3.95 and £1.50
William Tyndale: The Teachers' Story by TERRY ELLIS, JACKIE MCWHIRTER, DOROTHY MCCOLGAN and BRIAN HADDOW *Writers' and Readers' Publishing Co-operative* £1.00

To read these two books is to understand the many-sidedness of truth. Gretton and Jackson are two competent and reputable journalists who covered the Tyndale inquiry for *The Times Educational Supplement*. They have written an instant book of the book – a shorter, more relaxed, more discursive version of the massive report by Mr Robin Auld, Q.C. Their account is of a school that was allowed to drift, of authorities who were too incompetent or too indifferent to take control, of a system that lacks adequate machinery for calling heads and teachers to account.

Mr Terry Ellis was (technically still is) the unfortunate head of William Tyndale and his co-authors were his chief allies on staff. There is no reason to believe that they are liars. Yet their account is of a head and staff whose endeavours to improve the lot of socially-deprived children were undermined by a ruthless conspiracy. The teachers write:

> Power is granted to heads only so long as they exercise it in accordance with the wishes of their political masters . . . One lesson of Tyndale is that the power of the head teacher is illusory. Any head who fails to obey orders is courting disaster.

The teachers discover evidence of underground plots at every turn in the story, as if they were pursuing some Islington version of Watergate.

The two books frequently offer opposite interpretations of the same events. The militancy of Islington teachers, and their unrest over pay and conditions, is identified, in the Gretton/Jackson account, as a reason why the authorities were hesitant about provoking them further by interfering in the school's affairs. In the teachers' account, Islington teacher militancy becomes the reason why the authorities were so anxious to destroy the school and put the teachers in their place.

Most readers will find that the Gretton/Jackson portrait of busy, muddled people, sometimes Machiavellian, sometimes well-meaning, but never far-sighted, has a greater ring of truth than the teachers' account of an Establishment carefully planning to protect capitalism from subversion. But, since the journalists cover much the same ground as Mr Auld's report and from a similar standpoint, the teachers' book is perhaps more essential reading. It illustrates vividly the reasons why simple-minded folk, such as parents and managers and taxpayers, who would merely like to know what schools are doing with children for seven hours a day and what use they make of several thousand million pounds a year, become so impatient with knowing 'professionals' like the Tyndale staff.

The teachers believe that not only teaching methods but the aims of schooling ought to be changed. To them, 'progressive education' is not a more effective way of teaching the same old things but a rejection of the idea that the teacher is an agent of social control, who assumes 'the roles of law-giver, moraliser, indoctrinator, communicator of the acceptable views and taboos of the tribe'. This philosophy, which is entirely legitimate and defensible, is clearly argued. But what are their alternative goals? The teachers quote the list of aims they prepared for the Tyndale parents. One was to make sure that each child could read and 'express himself/herself clearly and thoughtfully in language'. Another was to see that all the children had a good grounding in basic maths. Yet, in the same chapter, they write:

> Although teachers were trying to work in a fresh way, their results were still subjected to the old academic criteria of judgment: a 'liberal' authority like ILEA, for example, tests all its children at 11 in English, Maths and Verbal Reasoning.

If these criteria are to be ruled out as wicked and oppressive, precisely what criteria are we supposed to employ in order to judge whether Mr Ellis and his colleagues are giving value for money? Of course, schools should not be propagating middle-class values – nor, for that matter, working-class values. But what is middle-class about acquiring skills? The teachers' belief that deprived children require special attention is wholly admirable. Yet all they seem to have had to offer them was a series of existential experiences – 'being at the zoo, watching a great national event on television, or climbing a high tower, and relishing the experience'. If that is all education is about, we do not need the elaborate expense of either teachers or schools.

Stripped of its anti-traditionalist rhetoric, the teachers' educational philosophy appears, in the end, utterly vacuous. 'Tyndale teachers sought to diminish the role-distance between them and their children.' What can this mean, except that Tyndale teachers were successfully manipulated during their college courses into reproducing gobbets of sociological jargon in order to obtain high marks in competitive exams? 'There is no evidence that literacy is a solution to social problems.' To which the only possible answer is that there is no evidence that illiteracy is a solution either.

The heart of the Tyndale affair, as Gretton and Jackson demonstrated so lucidly, is a failure of *accountability*. The teachers failed to account for their actions (and probably didn't accept that they ought to account) to managers, parents, inspectors and local authority officers, who in turn lacked the means of enforcing accountability. And the teachers' story suggests that even the language in which account might have been rendered was lacking. There was no set of objectives against which the teachers could have been judged, no brief that Mr Ellis might have failed to carry out, no agreed curriculum that the school had omitted to teach. Neither the teachers nor their masters could conduct a meaningful discussion about whether or not Tyndale's children were achieving anything useful. Arguments about

T·L·S THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Men, Women and Sex by Liam Hudson
Caxton by George Painter
Noel Coward by Alastair Forbes
New Dictionaries by Randolph Quirk
Photomontage; The other Nabokov; Jean Rhys
On sale now 20p

'This is a remarkable book about a remarkable man'
– J. B. Priestley

Man of Christian Action
CANON JOHN COLLINS
—the man and his work
Edited by Ian Henderson
A 70th birthday tribute by J B Priestley, Trevor Huddleston, Jacquetta Hawkes, Iris Murdoch and eight other friends to the man who founded Christian Action thirty years ago.
£3.50
JL LUTTERWORTH PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

education have become metaphysical – arguments about what kind of people children ought to *be*, not about what they ought to be able to *do*, arguments about souls, not about skills. Teachers have become a new priesthood, whose language is as impenetrable to the mass of the population as the language of the Catholic Church was to the medieval peasantry. The Tyndale teachers thought they were facing a conspiracy; in reality, they were facing universal incomprehension. They were not substituting a socialist or a humanitarian or a libertarian set of aims for some official set of aims; they were substituting vacuous aims for no aims at all. And, until we are prepared to tell schools what we expect of them, until we accept that the content of education is a matter of communal and, therefore, political concern, until we realise that we owe it to our children to exercise some control over the curriculum; until then, we have only ourselves to blame if the Ellises, the McColgans, the Haddows and the McWhirters carry on their own merry way.

Russell Davies

On Your Tod

Single Blessedness by MARGARET ADAMS *Heinemann* £5.50

I have never subscribed – and surely this applies to all NEW STATESMAN readers, apart from the odd philoprogenitive bigamist squire who buys us for the Comp. – to the insulting belief that there must be something deeply wrong with unmarried people. A personality which has not managed to stray, rush, fall or otherwise insinuate itself into permanent liaison with a member of the opposite, or 'failing that' (a phrase whose coloration betrays, I fear, vestigial prejudice) the same, or roughly the same, sex, is regarded by me as having decided to keep itself to itself, and that's that. Let everyone live as independently as they like; let everyone be raised to the economic condition where they can *make* that kind of choice (one of the self-admitted deficiencies of the book we are coming to is that it does no justice to the extra entrapments faced by the partnerless poor); and let single women in particular be reassured, since bachelors have never needed much encouragement, that future society is not going to look upon them as odd for taking upon themselves man-dominating jobs, mortgages, life-insurance and the whole paraphernalia of traditionally male self-determination. That's what I say. And it's roughly what Margaret Adams's many adduced examples of *Single Blessedness* are urging too.

So why does this book irritate me? Partly, I think, because my impression of its author is of a person a good deal less free from life-supporting orthodoxies than she thinks. It would be impertinent to draw too many conclusions from her recently published interviews, or the photos

new from Manchester

UNCONSUMMATED UNION BRITAIN, RHODESIA AND SOUTH AFRICA 1900-45 **Martin Chanock** This major contribution to the study of 20th century African history follows the development of the white colony of Southern Rhodesia. Placing events in the context of relations between Britain and the Union of South Africa, it explains why Rhodesia never joined the white Union and explores the roots of the ill-fated Central African Federation. Dr Chanock also adds to our understanding of the process of British decolonisation by describing the case of South Africa, as based on British archival records. *December about £8.95*

POEMS OF THE TROUBADOUR PEIRE ROGIER Derek E T Nicholson A new, fully annotated edition of the poems of the 12th century troubadour, providing an excellent example of the Golden Age of Provençal poetry. Peire Rogier, a contemporary of Raimbaut d'Orange and Bernart de Ventadour, wrote on all the conventional themes of courtly love, humility and moderation. His poems however are free from the artificiality and obscurity found in the works of others, and it is here that his greatness as a poet lies. *November £5.95 net*

HUMAN RIGHTS IN EUROPE A H Robertson A quarter of a century has now passed since the European Convention on Human Rights was signed in the aftermath of war, and the object of this book is to provide a complete account of a system which is perhaps the most effective ever implemented. Dr Robertson, former Director of Human Rights of the Council of Europe, outlines its origins, the rights and freedoms guaranteed, and administrative functioning, as well as reviewing all significant developments up to the beginning of 1975. *November about £8.95*

Full list of autumn titles available on application

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS
Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9PL

Victorian Novelists and Publishers
J. A. SUTHERLAND
A lively discussion of the influence of the Victorian publishing system on the mid-century fiction which we now study as creative literature, offering a vivid insight into the contemporary book trade and its stimulation – or limitation – of creative talent. £7.00

Sylvia Plath : Poetry and Existence
DAVID HOLBROOK
This study of Sylvia Plath is primarily a search for the meaning of her work, a poetry whose complexity forces us to attend to the deeper significance of the poet's existential dilemma – tragic in its personal outcome. David Holbrook's many-sided discussion explores in particular the distinction between the true and the false voice in her art. £7.00

The Poet's Self and the Poem
Essays on Goethe, Nietzsche, Rilke & Thomas Mann
ERICH HELLER
Four essays which vividly illustrate the profound process by which a great work of literary art may grow out of a situation in life, mirror, and yet transcend it. £3.50

The Heart's Events
The Victorian Poetry of Relationships
PATRICIA M. BALL
Dr. Ball explores an emotional territory taking in such personal crises as bereavement and attraction and courtship, which she believes the Victorian poets made peculiarly, and with great success their own. £6.25

The Athlone Press
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS FROM EYRE METHUEN

THE BULLS OF RONDA
EUGENE P. BENSON

PEARL S. BUCK
THE RAINBOW

IRONBARK
COLIN FREE

PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE
MICHAEL MACLIAMMOIR

that accompanied them, but I can't help remarking that in her style of writing, the basin-bob of her iron-grey hair and such-like indicative vestiges of character, there are the traditional signs of academic womanhood: the kind of womanhood that gradually finds itself 'married', *de facto*, to institutes of learning and research. The 'college', or its equivalent in any strongly structured job of work, has become the authoritarian 'male' provider – often a very old-fashioned one – for many an intellectual woman of Ms Adams's vintage; and though she, as an expert social worker based in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has probably been sheltered a good deal less from society than some single contemporaries of hers I have observed very close to home in Cambridge, England, her account offers plentiful evidence that she has been compensatingly sustained by other predisposing factors: her family background, for instance, where teams of maiden aunts figure with instructive prominence.

Ms Adams's own spirit of independence, as it turns out, has taken some hermetic forms: she speaks of herself alone in New York City 'without an invitation for Christmas Day', and of her valiant efforts to bodge together a bit of personal festivity 'by reading mail from England that I had saved up' (O desolate self-discipline!) and by 'taking myself off to see a well-reviewed French film'. What would strike most people as desperate tactics Ms Adams has built into a pleasure-system; she is capable of recalling with apparent glee the New Year's Eve when bad weather kept her home, alone, reading her favourite book of the moment. 'I have since defined this activity as a legitimate source of pleasure,' she reveals, 'entitling it "Going to Bed with David Copperfield" '. The mingled raciness and auto-babyfying tweeness of this I found rather sad.

At all events, it leads on to the subject of sex, 'this highly pleasurable sociophysiological activity'. Ms Adams is very flat-heeled on the subject, keeping it strictly 'in a perspective of sensible proportion'. Whether this is psychologically traceable back to some moderate returns Ms Adams may have had on her investments in this area – her admission that she once abstractly contemplated throwing herself off a train in the aftermath of a tempestuous *affaire de coeur* is the nearest we get – it is impossible to say; but her very hearty recommendation of masturbation, and of relationships that are sexually defused because one participant is homosexual, suggests that it is a problem she would rather not be bothered with; she has rationalised herself into a deafness to the chant of the genes. Whether her unusual ability to conclude inner truces does not actually disqualify her from making recommendations to a generation of troubled women is debatable. Ms Adams recently told American TV she would rather write a good sentence than have a good orgasm, but a more useful book would have addressed itself to those women who have no prospect of achieving either.

The puff for masturbation, I think, is a sign of what is really suspect about the book: a symptom of the doubt which must always infect, for me, the sense of 'political' solidarity I have expressed with voluntarily single people. This doubt, which naturally increases as soon as singleness is built, as here, into a battlemented, moat-girt principle, concerns what I fear must be the ultimately damaging egoism of the dedicatedly 'single-minded'. Perhaps it would be more tactful to define this the negative way round, by saying that one way in which marriage will repay effort is in its provision of an escape from one's own self-centredness. It strikes me as perfectly practical and non-mawkish to claim that if you can team up with someone to the rounding-out of whose life you really feel you can devote a good part of your own lifetime's effort, then you stand a better chance of getting through without suffering infection from ingrowing emotions. So while I applaud this book's subsidiary feminist attempt to encourage social parity between male and female singletons, I hope the dangers of creating a race of smug, handholding, filmgoing, middle-sexed persons (spinchelors?) will not be underestimated.

Mervyn Jones

The Wrong Note

Reflections of a Clyde-Built Man by JIMMY REID *Souvenir Press* £3.50 and £1.75

Jimmy Reid, leader of the successful struggle to save the Upper Clyde shipyards, can fairly be described as the most remarkable popular tribune produced in our times by the working class, and also as the greatest individual asset ever possessed by the British Communist Party. There were good reasons for expecting him to become Communist MP for Central Dunbartonshire in February 1974: the recent memory of the UCS battle, the trust and popularity he commanded, and the favourable attention given him by press and television, so often accused of discriminating against the Left. In the event he got 14.6 per cent of the poll, and dropped to 8.7 per cent in the October election. One could imagine no more dramatic proof of the reluctance of the working class to align themselves politically with the CP.

This book – a brief autobiography combined with a selection of speeches and essays – helps us to see the reasons, some of which are clear to Jimmy Reid although others are not. In the final section, 'Reflections, 1976', he sets out with admirable integrity his motives for leaving the Party. He had felt for a considerable time that its propaganda was striking the wrong note; and that this, moreover, was no mere matter of presentation but simply revealed the adherence of the leadership to a false conception of socialism. Crucially, although the CP has been officially on record for a number of years as accepting pluralist democracy, and as prepared to accept the verdict of the majority even when this is unwelcome, Reid is unconvinced that the comrades on the Political Committee (mostly full-time offi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cials, he points out) really mean it. And if Reid isn't convinced, why should the Dunbartonshire voter be? He instances the reaction to the EEC referendum, which was to call for a boycott of EEC institutions: a rejection, in fact, of the popular verdict. Here, by the way, he is too kind to the Left of the Labour Party. Their continuing vendetta against the EEC – notably their opposition to direct elections to Strasbourg – shows that they don't accept the popular verdict either.

This is important; the issue of whether Communists genuinely believe in democracy will largely govern their success or failure, notably in France and Italy. However, when you read the speeches made by Jimmy Reid as a Communist, you see that it isn't the whole of the story. Communists defeat themselves by their ineradicable habit of saying the things they want to say instead of addressing themselves to what is in the minds of other people. Of this I will give just one example, but it is a striking one.

For the mass of people, communism means the system in force in Russia and eastern Europe. Communists defend the economic structure of this system, while admitting with greater or less candour (complete candour in Reid's case) its failure in the sphere of political freedom. In the economic sphere the system is lauded because production is directed by effective planning, because there are no brakes on production and the movement is toward an abundant satisfaction of needs, and because there is full employment. In reality, all these claims are more or less fraudulent. The planning is crude and haphazard even by the standards of the modern capitalist state; progress in material terms is abysmally slow; especially in consumer services and in food supply but also in industry; and full employment is guaranteed only by low productivity and waste of labour. In one respect, however, Communist success forms a striking contrast with the ailments of the West. Beyond the Elbe there is little or no inflation, and such inflation as exists can be ascribed largely to the rising cost of Western imports.

At least since the rise in commodity prices caused by the Korean war – that is, throughout Reid's political lifetime – inflation has been a major worry for the British people, bearing most harshly on the working class. It is a glaring sign of the inability of capitalism to relieve human needs, and a constant reminder of social injustice, in that cushions against inflation are reserved to the possessing classes. At the moment, the fact that we have rigorous wage control and no effective price control ensures that the burden of capitalist crisis is placed on those least able to bear it. One would imagine all this to be a major talking-point for Communists, especially in view of the contrast with the socialist countries (or what Communists consider to be socialist countries). But there is nothing about inflation in this book; the denunciations of capitalism are paraphrases of John Strachey's denunciations from the Thirties. I don't know exactly how often Jimmy Reid alluded to inflation in the 1974 election campaign, but this selection from his speeches is his own and it strikes one above all by its adherence to just those doctrinaire and inflexible habits of thought by which, temperamentally, Reid is outraged.

It isn't clear yet how Jimmy Reid sees his political future – he is genuinely free from personal ambition – but I very much hope that he has one. No longer an asset to the CP, he could and should be an asset to the Labour movement as a whole, and to Scotland in particular. An ex-Communist, when he is a man of integrity and anxious not to repudiate the fundamental beliefs which made him a Communist, never finds it easy to open himself to fresh and responsive thinking. My hope is that Jimmy Reid will make the effort.

Mary Ellmann

Out For the Cant

Public Purity, Private Shame by RONALD PEARSALL *Weidenfeld* £4.50
Madonnas and Magdalens by ERIC TRUDGILL *Heinemann* £6.50

The subjects of Victoria during her 64 years' reign had no choice but to be Victorians. And yet much of the population had been born before she acceded to the throne and persisted in holding romantic views of the state and the individual that were out of keeping with the much idealised stability fostered by the Queen. It appears also that, so far as sexual morality – meaning monogamy or abstinence – was to buttress the status quo, two of the three classes, the workers and the aristocrats, did not adhere to it. How many Victorians actually were Victorian is therefore a real question, and one that is not seriously considered by the many writers who now gather together anecdotes, events, slices of conversation. These present as social history what is often only learned gossip.

The first wave of post-Victorians, headed by Lytton Strachey, found the Victorians funny in their attempts to put a good face on their pratfalls. But bonhomie is next to hypocrisy, and hypocrisy next to villainy. Just when we had become persuaded by succeeding writers that Victorians were not so funny as they were nasty, a new group intimated that we could accept the Victorians if only we would understand them.

It's a good trick, but not so easy to pull off. Ronald Pearsall's new book, *Public Purity, Private Shame*, is a follow-up of his *The Worm in the Bud* (1969): he evidently feels that further instruction is necessary. The new book's sub-title is 'Victorian Sexual Hypocrisy Exposed', but it soon becomes clear that Mr Pearsall doesn't mean that. Instead he offers sympathy, he warns against hasty and inconsiderate exposure. And yet, as his argument advances, anecdote by anecdote, he himself grows mocking, acidic. He never loses his temper, but his recognition of facts, along with a ready wit, impugns his attempt to be lenient.

Eric Trudgill bears down harder than Pearsall, but he is like him in this respect. He too, in *Madonnas and Magdalens*, is forever asking for indulgence of the Victor-

GEORGE W. BALL

Diplomacy for a Crowded World
An American Foreign Policy

This important new book by the former Under Secretary of State to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson is a critique of American foreign policy during the Nixon and Ford administrations.

'Dauntingly well-informed, sensible and constructive . . . on this evidence he is clearly superbly qualified to replace Kissinger should Carter win . . . if George Ball were called to the top job, it would bring to it an able, balanced and wise practitioner.' *Esmond Wright, New Society* £5·00

GRIGORY SVIRSKY

Hostages
The Personal Testimony of a Soviet Jew
TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY GORDON CLOUGH

'People will say that this book is one-sided, that I have written only about the pain. But that is not relevant. You can find all the other aspects of life in many books on the subject, mine included; I have lived all those aspects enthusiastically for many years—but they are a long way from what I have tried to describe here. The book, then, is strictly reportage. All the facts are true, all the names are genuine. Everything is based on written testimony. I have no time for rumours. *I have written only about things my own family has seen and experienced.' From the author's Foreword* £4·95

JUDITH HANN

But What About the Children?
A Working Parents' Guide to Child Care

Today half of all Britain's working women are mothers, compared to only ten per cent forty years ago. At a time when many working parents are confused about what methods of child care may suit their children best, here is a practical guide that examines all the options open to them. £4·95

BODLEY HEAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King Labour

The British Working Class 1850-1914

David Kynaston

This book covers working-class history from the decline of Chartism to the formation of the Labour Party and its early development to 1914. It gives historical perspective to the defensive, materialist orientation of working-class politics of the period.

Hardback £6.50
Paperback £2.95

The Diploma Disease

Education, Qualification and Development

Ronald Dore

Schooling, Professor Dore argues, used to be for educating people, for developing minds and characters. Whereas now it has become a ritualised process of qualification-earning. The author traces this change in the educational histories of Britain, Japan, Sri Lanka and Kenya and looks at some of the solutions that have been worked out in Tanzania, Cuba, Sri Lanka and China.

'This book urgently needed writing, and most of it is written with vigour and style.'
New Statesman

Hardback £5.95
Paperback £2.50

First Flight

The Untold Story of the Wright Brothers

John Evangelist Walsh

This new biography of the Wright brothers reveals Wilbur as the true aeronautical genius, overshadowed for many years by his brother Orville, who out-lived him and controlled the Wright archives. This biography rescues Wilbur from the shadows of history.

'I enjoyed this book immensely. It captures the suspense, frustration and final exhilaration of man's early attempts at flying.'
Frank Borman

£5.50

The Female Imagination

Patricia Meyer Spacks

'A literary critic of acute insight.' **C. P. Snow**

Is there such a thing as a female literary imagination? Patricia Spacks analyses the female view of the world juxtaposing some eighty books written between the seventeenth century and the present day.

£5.95

George Allen & Unwin

ians even when his distressing details forbid it. What he finds admirable is their 'moral seriousness'. In a chapter entitled 'Canting Hypocrites' his point is that Victorians, in their cant, were more self-deceived than deceiving. And after much to-and-froing, we are told that even the imprisonment of Oscar Wilde has a good deal to be said in its defence. For the Victorians, poor dears, had to deal here, as elsewhere, with 'anxiety' and 'insecurity'. We are presumably to forgive cruelty that is prompted by anxiety and insecurity, as if society had the right to its quota of victims.

But particularly here, in the Wilde case, Mr Trudgill's research works against him. Of course, each century attacks the one before it, and then, in time, excuses and forgives it. But I'm still not ready for the rehabilitation of the Victorian period. Nor are the writers of these two books. They furnish the grounds of our dislike, while urging us to feel sympathy instead.

Mr Pearsall is often amusing, to the point that his examples are good stories rather than good evidence. Mr Trudgill piles up parallel phrases like plates on a nose in a balancing act. He always completes the sentence – good show! – without crashing disaster, but one wearies of the exercise. Mustering pluses and minuses in ideas as well, he succeeds in bringing every issue to the point of indecision. And for all his length and labour, his omissions are disconcerting. He condescends to women as authors of 18th-century sentimental novels, but has nothing to say about that supreme antidote to such emollients at the century's end in Jane Austen. His study of Victorian women's hostility towards prostitutes is on an almost philosophical level, yet he can omit the obvious reason for this hostility – and one mentioned by Mr Pearsall – the fear of their husbands' bringing home venereal disease.

In Mr Trudgill's book there is insufficient emphasis upon women's difficulties. Little birth control existed, and what there was tended to be unreliable. He describes in more detail the agonies of men, their doubts and scepticism, their need to compete ferociously for material comfort. But these agonies had a touch of luxury. Physical health gave the strength for mental distress. English women, however, as soon as they married, became breeding machines. Their husbands could profess helplessness: since in marriage there had to be sex, women had to have repeated pregnancies. But Mr Pearsall indicates that the problem had been at least partially solved across the Channel. In England, a rapid procedure, bam bam thank you mam, was coupled with an abysmal ignorance of birth-control dodges. Even so simple a procedure as interrupting coition, common in France, was rare in England.

It must be said for Mr Trudgill that, unlike Mr Pearsall, he recognises the limitations of learned gossip. In two of his chapters, he attempts a historical survey of English sexual attitudes from the mid-18th to the 20th centuries. The project is bold and difficult. Available information is spotty and susceptible to misinterpretation. The movement, it seems, is not a single one, moving massively from license to prudery, and today back to license again; it is a series of impulsions and checks arising in different quarters and for different purposes. The gratitude one feels for Mr Trudgill's attempt is somewhat impaired by dizziness at the multitude of twists and turns which his honesty compels him to acknowledge. Lust and anti-lust appear, in this history, to move together rather than apart, each evoking the other. In this perspective, the Victorian period loses some of the distinctive character that it is ordinarily assumed to possess.

Susannah Clapp

Bleak Treats

Sleep it Off Lady by JEAN RHYS *Deutsch* £2.95

The Abyss by MARGUERITE YOURCENAR translated from the French by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author *Weidenfeld* £4.95

Noughts and Crosses by HELEN MUIR *Duckworth* £3.45

Crying Out Loud by JACKY GILLOTT *Hodder & Stoughton* £4.25

The 16 short stories in Jean Rhys's new collection investigate varieties of dislocation: ruin – moral and physical – in the West Indies: displacement and disenchantment in London and Paris during and between the wars: the shrivelling worlds inhabited by the old and lonely. They are coolly and barely told; never windy, often funny.

The Dominican stories come closest to moral fable. A child's life is jangled, first by the suicide of a benign eccentric, later by the sexy stories of an old man; a marriage is skewered by an unsuspected scandal; a nun cheats exile from the island by dying. There is occasionally too strong a sense of Q.E.D. at the ending of these stories – where a woman formulates the notion that her husband is 'a complete stranger', or a shocked child reassesses the future pattern of her life. The strangeness of the experiences themselves are sufficiently persuasive and stand in no need of prompting or conclusion. Miss Rhys's stories are often best when they are simply beautifully shaped slivers, which register not different experiences so much as possible attitudes and expressions. The London tales are particularly cunning in their pinning of style to observable ephemera. A girl feels her own youth fade as vigour seeps from the outside world – in Britain the laundry van no longer calls, and in Germany the women 'simply *slink* about' – and her wanness turns to hysteria when her flat-mate jollies her up with 'old girl'.

At times Jean Rhys seems on the point of self parody – in danger of writing essays on desertion in which abandoned hats in gutters and half-empty buses collude too easily with a heroine too gracefully wispy. But the wistfulness is always spiked with astringency – by a detachment of observation which accommodates both the seductive unscrupulousness of whores in flat barred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shoes and skimpy tunics, and the cad, whose disappointment at failing to conquer is compounded by pique when the elegance of his smoking jacket goes unremarked. Most individual when her narrator is in the wings rather than in the centre, she is always capable of springing bleak treats.

Marguerite Yourcenar's large, bold and engrossing assault on 16th-century Europe was begun some fifty years ago, when the author was in her late teens, and, like *Memoirs of Hadrian*, was worked on 'in successive layers'. Zeno, the fictional central character who sensibly proclaims that his idol is not truth but 'exactitude', is philosopher, physician and alchemist. Escaping from a life in the priesthood and a heavily respectable household of Flemish merchants, he speeds from Sultan's palace to Swedish court, arguing, magicking and healing. He treats plague victims and reformers, invents a mechanical loom, considers the systolic motions of the heart, investigates the possibility of a flying machine, and satirises. Hardly surprisingly, his fame as physician and sceptic gallops ahead of him. Returning to Bruges, he finds cloisters buzzing with secret sects and sex; persecuted as a heretic, he commits suicide in prison.

In a meticulous explanatory note, Marguerite Yourcenar points to parallels between Zeno's life and that of – among others – Tycho Brahe, Paracelsus and Erasmus. But though Zeno suffers from the featurelessness of the amalgam, the fact that he is figure rather than personality is part of his point. As a chemist he is able to comment both naturally and precisely on the transformations of his mind and body, and on parallel processes in the outside world. If, as Zeno explains, the brain is the 'alembic wherein the soul is distilled', he himself is a useful container for the ideas of change at work in the rest of the novel. Nothing and no one is untouched by this. *The Abyss* bristles with solid, rooted figures, and while none is allowed to seem merely part of a process, that is to some extent what they are, and it is this that prevents them from being draped merely as winkingly colourful vignettes.

Helen Muir's first novel opened with an invitation to the heroine to consider her lover as a 'big tough semi-Black Panther truck driver'. In *Noughts and Crosses* the fantasy is, almost, made fact. Frances Elisabeth Beresford – who chatters about horses and Mummy's committees and the 'button-mouthed boots' she was at school with – falls for Chris Dodds, black ex-convict who makes his living by 'dealing'. He seems to feel the same way, finding, as she does, excitement in their differences and difficulties. He lets her down – and shames her, in part rightly, into feeling that it's her fault.

Noughts and Crosses is most acute when dealing with the friendship obliquely. Helen Muir has a nice line in the laconic aside, and light work is also made of some grotesque minor characters – of a 'stamping' paramour, whom Frances describes to herself as the Whore of Babylon, and of the 'sagging and scrambling body' of a would-be artist and black magic dabbler. The distance between Frances's colleagues and Chris's cronies measures the gap between the couple more effectively than do the couples' face-to-face confrontations and declarations. In scenes of love and guilt the dialogue loses its distinction (can Chris really be discussing what 'binds you to me and repels you'?) and 'smiling' or 'dead' eyes are allowed to roll unchecked. It then begins to matter that any worlds not inhabited by gunrunners on the one hand or by 'nice little men' from Beaconsfield on the other are discounted.

Jacky Gillott writes more obviously with a purpose. *Crying Out Loud* comes garlanded with remarks from Lorenz and others about aggression and sex, and talks about urban stress and the modern family as of the Fall. Miss Gillott is an able charter of domestic life – of breakfast tables and back gardens and the intricately distressing competitiveness of children. But too much is brought to bear too heavily. The father is out of work: a neighbour's bee-keeping leads to an explanation of the relation of drones and queens. Pollution and aircraft hum in the air, and help the mother towards collapse: an over-sensitive child watches his caged rabbit devour her young. It is also, perhaps, overstating the case to set the massed forces of television violence, competitive sports and male pigeon-shooting against a woman who rhapsodises about the sparks of the smithy and, in weaving poetic fables for her children, finds that 'all that was Celtic in her swam to the surface'.

Lovestyles

JOHN ALAN LEE

This new study explores a whole range of lovestyles such as 'eros', 'ludus' and 'storge' in a fascinating way that everyone can learn from and enjoy. Based on interviews with men and women in Britain and North America it includes two revealing tests to help you find out what **your** favourite lovestyle is, and how you may be courting disaster if your partner's lovestyle does not match.

£4.75

Canals and Rivers of Britain

ANDREW DARWIN

A richly illustrated guide to all the navigable waterways of Britain, gathered from the author's first-hand observations and experiences.

£6.95

DENT

NLB

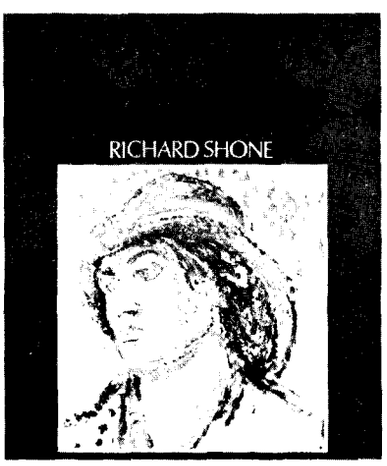
AUTUMN BOOKS
7 CARLISLE ST
LONDON
W1

Jean-Paul Sartre
Critique of Dialectical Reason
The first English edition of Sartre's major mature work, comprising a fundamental reappraisal of his own philosophical and political thought.
835 pages Glossary Index £15

Terry Eagleton
Criticism and Ideology
This study in literary theory by England's foremost Marxist critic explores some of the most taxing problems in contemporary aesthetics.
200 pages Index £4.95

Nicos Poulantzas
The Crisis of the Dictatorships
Portugal, Greece and Spain
A key topical study of the end of the reactionary regimes that have dominated much of Southern Europe.
176 pages Index £5.25

Louis Althusser
Essays in Self-Criticism
Contains all Althusser's work published to date in the 1970's, including an autobiographical study of his intellectual development from 1945.
225 pages Index £5.75



The artists Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell and their circle played a leading part in the Bloomsbury Group. This superbly illustrated book conveys the richness of their lives, their wide sympathies and enormous output; and relates Bloomsbury to the wider cultural history of the period. Containing much unpublished material – photographs, paintings, facts and anecdotes – it is a fascinating look at a side of Bloomsbury hitherto known only to a small circle of friends and descendants.

272pp. 160 illus, 8 in colour. £8.95

PHAIDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

Look at Liv

Face to Face *Ritz*
Die Marquise von O *Gala Royal*
Futureworld *ABC 1, Shaftesbury Avenue; ABCs Bloomsbury, Edgware Road and Fulham Road*

Ingmar Bergman is always trying to achieve that extra dimension, the third, only actually possible in theatre, in his films: it is as if he wanted even to outdo the physical but distanced immediacy of the stage, have you reach out and touch that quivering image just as it (so nearly) seems to reach out and touch you. To this unattainable end he brings an urgency all his own, but an urgency supported by a full awareness of the camera's potential and of our acceptance of the cinema's conventions, in that almost any audience reared on the media will not run away in alarm when a view of small people doing things is abruptly confronted by a vast face reacting to a bit of the action. These days, it takes an effort of will to sit back and think what remarkable transitions have been assimilated into ordinariness in the public consciousness over just 80-odd years. As an extension of this, it also takes an effort – of empathy, this time – to comprehend why Everyman out there, effortlessly ready to inhale the battery of effects put to use in telly commercials, will jib when something other than booze or sweeties is being promoted. That a person wants to be 'amused', entertained, is understandable. Less so, although facile reasons abound, is that same person's reluctance to find time-passing nourishment in visual promotions of the facts, and fantasies, of life. This ramble has been inspired by the following quote:

> Good-looking and talented actors, who in a credible manner portray sad, dramatic, or amusing situations, are almost always entertaining, however painful the complications happen to be.

Thus Ingmar Bergman, in a faintly coy but candid preface to an early book version of his latest movie belatedly to get a short run at the Ritz: *Face to Face* (Marion Boyars £4.95 and £1.95). The viewer/reader is urged to acquire at least the paperback, both for that preface and for the interesting comparisons it offers of an initial, overwritten concept and what ultimately got screened. A crucial paring took place. A yet more crucial decision has obviously been taken by the all-knowing distributors of *Face to Face*, the film, even though the event has been simplified by reasonable dubbing: a couple of weeks in a token metropolitan house, then 'selective' outlets (and good luck if it comes your way). As long as it is assumed that humankind cannot bear very much reality – a fact increasingly controverted by the ratings for some knuckle-hard TV productions – the gentlemen of Wardour Street and its surrounds are unlikely to do what they know best: *promote* a Swedish movie about a woman psychiatrist in the throes of a personal crack-up. And, put like that, who can blame them? But there might have been a way to point up the simple truth, adumbrated by Bergman in his prefatory observations, that the splintering lady in question is searingly impersonated by one of the greatest actresses of our age, Liv Ullman. She absolutely carries the tremulous weight of the enterprise on her shoulders, shows all in her eyes, stumbles from a chill, contained sanity into a shot at suicide and nightmare, the while tugging one in her wake. It could be argued that *Face to Face* (which links with the screen and TV adult growing-pains of *Scenes From a Marriage*) concerns itself with relatively spoilt, because financially secure, middle-class characters: I would argue that's hogwash. What's so special about the poor or uneducated or both? They, too, undergo emotional horrors, losses of identity, seismic shifts. And there is, to put it at its lowest, a sort of reassurance to be gained from witnessing the strains on others, the therapeutic glee of onlooking a street-accident.

There are many magnificent incidents, not the least of which would be Miss Ullman's prolonged enactment of laughing-crying hysteria and a later split-voiced and double-faced rendering of herself and grannie in a childhood remembrance. Once might cavil at some dream-sequences, as well as the half-waking apparition of an evil old woman with one bulging, black false eye (she may be that grandmother for a second, though not in the ur-script): film is there to render dreams, yet signally fails to. Except for one stunningly realised sequence here, where Liv's parents, killed in a crash, wander timidly in, to be first loved then assaulted by her comatose, medievally red-garbed and hatted persona: this will surely strike a chord in anyone not immaculately conceived. And, of course, this thrummed certainty of mine may, after all, be only that: a private recognition. But, with its several, bold faults implicit, Bergman's *Face to Face* does offer the confrontation present in its title: there must be, however minimally, something for everyone somewhere in this head-on attempt to make a filmed occasion reciprocal. It is the work of a master, if less than a masterpiece.

Eric Rohmer's *Die Marquise von O* is his first outing since he wound up his fine series of *'contes moraux'*: and it is in German, drawn – quite faithfully, one is told – from a story by the poet, dramatist and novelist, Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811). Kleist's own life-story was an embittered tragi-comic affair, ending in his killing a lady and himself. *Die Marquise*, in Rohmer's rendering, opens ominously in that one is reminded of the minimal cinema of Jean-Marie Straub, a hero to some but zero in these parts. It narrates a strange tale: a young widow of taut virtue discovers herself pregnant after having been rescued from rape by a glamorous Russian count during warfare. She puts an ad in the local papers, asking for the impregnator in question to come forward and identify himself, when she will marry him. This unusual Marquise falls temporarily foul of her family, who send her away. Most of this is done through short, tableaux-like fragments of extreme thrift, doused by slow fades. The language is genteelly formal and some of it appears as paragraphs on the screen. The attention is never less than held but the grip is equivocal: friend or foe? Has M. Rohmer, ever one to pay scrupulous and rewarding respect to words as well as images, gone fashionably haywire?

Mercifully, no, though he runs precious close to a wind of change. Like the life of Kleist, the film is of piebald humour. That rescuing Count (Bruno Ganz), first seen in a high-lit blaze of glory, about to leap down from a wall – the sole other visualisation of equivalent headiness finds the Marquise, lying amid creamy, satiny, sexy folds in a drugged sleep soon after, with the count peering in, before another fade – has turned up, thought to be dead from wounds, brusquely to claim the lady's hand. He also is sent off, to cool down. Meanwhile, speculation is assumed to run rampant as to the possible father. A household servitor may even be he: and a scene close to the happy ending – with mother and her daughter, the Marquise (the lambent Edith Clever), seated side by side, veiled, on a sofa, a clock ticking as the hour moves to the time of arrival of the guilty party – nicely plays for suspense and a reinforced change of tone. Unfortunately, the crucial switch from gravity to something approximating levity (a weeping, contrite father figuring ludicrously) left me momentarily aghast. Once I had swallowed hard, I could take the rest and did: but there is a dislocating hazard here, the judicious Rohmer below par for his delicate courses. A 'Moral Tale'? Maybe, but one looks forward to seeing this peculiarly literate director back in contemporary business.

Richard T. Heffron's *Futureworld* is a follow-up to that pretty genial and inventive fantasy, *Westworld*, which dealt in a robot-peopled Disneyland for rich adults. Now, we are into a re-furbished version of the original playground of Delos (which, you may recall, foundered mechanically when Yul Brynner as the transistorised Gunslinger started shooting vacationers down for real). A couple of journalists (the null Peter Fonda as a gritty reporter and the tolerable Blythe Danner as an initially gullible lady with a TV audience of millions) set out to disinter the sinister secret beneath the new operation. I counted three or four engaging items of ingenuity (among them, a miniaturised game of chess, played by our protagonists and battled through by tiny knights and arrow-shooting rooks; a rough male-buddy relationship between one of the last humans employed as a repair-man and his faceless, wired-up companion). Given the potential of the material in *Westworld* and the studio hardware laid on and then abandoned for a hackneyed chase-plot, this is a badly missed chance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. C. Bradbrook

Dame Edith Evans, 1888-1976

'Well, darling, I should like to be *very* restrained, but do you think it would be all right to wear my diamond earrings?'

Edith Evans was about to receive an honorary degree, so she was studying her part professionally. Before reading a lesson at her village church, she would likewise rehearse as if for a West End audience. There were certain things she would *not* undertake – the part of Lady Macbeth, for example, which she thought unplayable since the gap between the banquet scene and the sleep-walking scene meant that one quarter of the part – the decline – was missing.

Dame Edith's life was the life of the stage; offstage she could be very shy, inarticulate and stiff. In her later years she would spend every evening watching plays on television, commenting crisply on performances, especially those of her friends. The mere prospect of a performance drew all her energies, all her fine intelligence into focus; she shut the door on ordinary living, moved into another dimension. Afterwards she sought a retreat 'to rest my nerves' – in performance, it never appeared that she had any.

To Judith Wilson, who for many years gave her such a retreat, in a beautiful country home, with all the care and solicitude that freed her for art, Dame Edith owed even more, since this came with a lack of any claims, any desire to exploit or intrude. This self-effacing support kept off the world; Dame Edith's deepest dislike was reserved for those who invaded her privacy from curiosity or a desire to exploit her. She herself was not devoid of housewifely accomplishments; a good cook, and great devotee of a good fire ('mother always believed in keeping good fires'). One Christmas when I was staying with her, and sunk in proof correcting, she spent hours carrying in logs, although her devoted chauffeur, William, had already fetched an ample supply. She had also sprained her wrist – 'Well, I only *hope* I shall have the strength to *do* this,' she remarked with a baleful glance in my direction, heaving a log on to the vast pile quite savagely.

Her personal regime was ascetic – no smoking, very few drinks; the unforgivable sins were failing to keep an engagement and upstaging another actor. Her line of intervention, like that of many strong characters, was to plead her incapacity. It is perhaps a decade ago that a young director, at the beginning of putting a play into rehearsal, spent a morning telling the assembled cast what he thought the interpretation should be. Dame Edith at length interrupted in her most devastating drawl: 'Really, Mr . . . , you know, I haven't so long to *live*.' But she applauded professional competence wherever she met it; the Beatles, with whom she shared a midnight charity matinée, were 'such well-behaved young men, they knew their job thoroughly' – and as for *O Calcutta*, 'Well, darling, I don't mind if they *do* take all their clothes off, as long as they put them on again at some time.'

Edith Evans began her life in Ebury Street; she was apprenticed to a milliner, but after William Pool had selected her to play Cressida in a Shakespearean production, 'I never went back to the millinery!' She became engaged and decided what she wanted was a real jade necklace; every penny the young man possessed went into gratifying this wish. She liked to think of her husband as a farmer and from him she learned a taste for country life. The news of his death came when she was on a foreign tour; later she expressed some disapproval of the account given by Dame Sybil Thorndike in her memoirs. The two great ladies respected each other as artists, without being exactly soulmates.

Dame Sybil had always wanted to play comic roles – during the second world war she had her way once or twice – but she was expected to continue as St Joan or Medea. Dame Edith, whose stature was first fully shewn in Millamant, could achieve a magnificent Katherine in *King Henry VIII* but her Cleopatra had more of the Serpent of West Kensington than the Serpent of Old Nile. She could encompass pathos, regret, the plangency of tragic lament, stoic restraint (her reading of that mediocre poem, Amy Lowell's 'Patterns', revealed depths unsuspected before), but for the masterful modulation from one level to another, for the sweet shock of recognition in the perfect timing of an intonation, she required comedy. A part specially written for her, the Countess Rosmarin in Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*, is perhaps as good a portrait as can be found. The Countess is introduced:

> Isn't it true that in more than twenty years
> She had only once before failed
> her Thursday,
> When her son Stefan was born?
>
> – Not even once . . .
> 'Good God,' she said, 'I think the monkey
> Means to be born on Thursday evening,'
> But she received us all at seven o'clock.
> And at nine . . .
> She bowed to us in the doorway and said
> 'We must freely admit the future'
> and withdrew
> To give birth to Stefan.

At the end, mortally stricken, she descends her grand staircase for the last time:

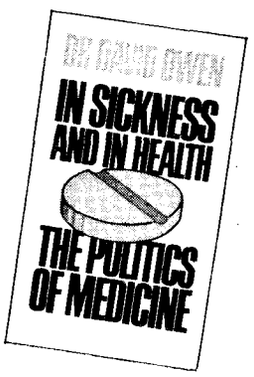
> When the last Thursday comes,
> Which may be this one, I should like to
> be present.
> It's quite true, the world
> Being uncertain, I may spoil it all
> By being here again next Thursday. But
> I'd rather
> Go out, after the style of a night-light,
> In a series of apologetic returns,
> Than leave without ceremony, which
> would be surely

The NHS: how it works —how it could work better

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

The Politics of Medicine

David Owen



David Owen is only the second doctor ever to have become Minister of State for Health, and this uniquely authoritative viewpoint enables him to make a forceful and critical analysis of the modern health service in his important new book.

He brings to his investigations and arguments a keen awareness of the priorities not only of politicians and administrators but also of the medical professions and of the patients themselves. He writes with balance and compassion on such controversial issues as:

public expenditure
the inequalities of health care
research priorities and preventive health
bureaucracy and participation
children, the aged, the mentally ill and handicapped
decentralization and the voluntary organizations

Dr Owen's speeches and legislative work have revealed his concern for a truly social and equitable health service. **In Sickness and in Health** shows why and how such a service can be built out of the present NHS and its urgent problems.

192pp
Casebound edition £4.95
Paperback edition £1.50
Royalties from the sale of this book will go to the Leukaemia Research Fund.

Available at good bookshops

Quartet Books Limited,
A member of the Namara Group
27 Goodge Street, London W1P 1FD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ungracious to an earth which has
entertained me.

The great artist's sense of obligation extends to small things as well as great, but can mean giving one's self so completely to art that life is reduced to a few strong and simple relationships. Herself a strong and lonely character, Dame Edith in this way preserved energy, freshness, the capacity to start at 60 a new career in films ('I've been photographed everywhere *except* in a submarine!'). In her late eighties she went through a fortnight's progress of *Edith Evans and Friends* at the Haymarket and later at the Phoenix, with all the usual matinées, though she wrote: 'I have never been so exhausted in my life. Now it's over. I kept going while it was on. Handel's *Entry of the Queen of Sheba* provided a fit interlude.'

Her principles asserted themselves early when she became one of the founding members of Equity, and helped to form the union. Not that she approved at all of Miss Vanessa Redgrave's setting a demonstration in Trafalgar Square before a theatrical commitment. 'In those early days, we got paid in dud cheques. That needed fighting.'

Her last letter to me, written about a month ago, ended: 'I've been falling downstairs quite unnecessery, twice, so I've been going . . . quietly. Otherwise very fit. Queerly can't spell, when writing letters.' Indeed, spelling was never her strong point. But the spontaneity, wit and sparkle that her disciplined art transmitted came from the depths of herself. The jewels were the real thing.

Art

John Spurling

Totems

Sacred Circles: 2000 Years of North American Indian Art *Hayward Gallery*
John Hoyland, Paintings 1966-69 *Waddington Galleries II*
Thelma Hulbert *Marjorie Parr Gallery*

The Arts Council's North American Indian show is above all a demonstration of the 20th-century art of display. Not for nothing does the sumptuous catalogue begin with nine pages of grateful acknowledgment. The prime mover among all these organisers, advisors, lenders, committees and benefactors seems to have been Ralph T. Coe who, aiming 'to establish the art of the North American Indian as one of the great artistic expressions of the world', pulls out every stop in the matter of elucidating, categorising and making visible to their best advantage 850 heterogeneous objects created any time these last two thousand years.

It is only necessary to recall what these sorts of objects – carved pipe-bowls, bits of clothing, pouches, masks, fetishes, combs, dolls, pots – used to look like wilting in dusty cases and a schoolroom light at the British Museum in days gone by, to appreciate the Cinderella transformation that has been wrought. The agnostic visitor is brought to his knees in the very antechamber of the exhibition by a choice selection of the most powerful images: a pair of seated marble figures with hypnotic eyes, a wooden eagle on a pole that once marked a burial mound in a Florida swamp, a buffalo-hide and buckskin shield painted with animals, birds and symbolic rain and lightning in dazzling asymmetry and sporting an attached scalp-lock for good measure.

The section devoted to the Woodland tribes contains most notably Powhatan's mantle, a seven-foot black deerhide decorated in small shells with flat white figures like those on English chalk downs. But surely never were delicately beaded, quilled or painted coats and moccasins displayed as they are here, unless first day out on their original owners. Several of the smaller objects are shown in glass cases set into green pillars, so that the visitor becomes a sort of temporary woodlander himself.

Each section has its speciality. The North-west Coast tribes made elaborate ritual and heraldic masks (one of the best, an alarming wolf mask which opens to show a reassuring sun mask, is included in a small concurrent exhibition at the Museum of Mankind); the Eskimos were good at tiny sculptures; while the nomadic Plains tribes decorated their saddles and shirts and made the great feather head-dresses we associate with the whole race. The exhibition ends as authoritatively as it began, but in a quite different mode, with the plain geometry of Navajo blankets and with a collection of ancient bowls from the Southwest, whose abstract patterns in black and white, or occasionally brown and orange, are, after all the feathers, skins, fringes and painted faces, the most memorable, the most purely aesthetic objects in the whole treasure-house.

Of course 'art' can be made to mean anything you like to treat as art, and there can be no question that Coe and his legion of helpers have royally so treated the surviving possessions of the North American Indians. A few objects such as the medicine bundles and a birch-bark map resolutely resist being art even in these circumstances, just as the masks, the bowls and many other items would look like art wherever they fetched up. But it seems probable that the people who made these things, for useful, decorative or ritual purposes, would have been utterly baffled by the context in which we are asked to view them, as accumulated evidence for membership of a kind of United Artistic Nations.

Suppose that history had gone the other way, that Powhatan had colonised Plymouth instead of Captain Smith Jamestown. How would a Red Indian Coe have dealt with the six- or eight-foot-high, twelve-foot-long paintings by John Hoyland now at Waddington's? His best precedent, to judge by the Hayward show, would be the magnificent screen, 15-foot-high by eight-foot-wide, from the house of Chief Shakes in Alaska. This screen depicts a stylised bear, which was a Tlingit clan crest and therefore, as the real Coe points out, of traditional, symbolic and personal importance to Chief Shakes and his family. Would the Red Indian Coe, while being careful to note that for Englishmen visiting Waddington's these canvas screens would have been hung on the walls, not across the room, and would have had no discernible purpose except to be looked at, nevertheless have claimed that they should now be considered as among the great cult objects of the world?

The case might seem absurd, except that in our eclectic, late-cultural way we do still respond to art as to a totem, a thing of power by association. Hoyland's paintings from the late Sixties may be described quite simply as grand essays in colour. All the other elements which go to make up a sophisticated Western painting – line, shape, composition, perspective, texture, light – are translated into the *lingua franca* of colour. Against a ground of evenly coloured canvas, usually green or orange, whose own rough texture is still apparent, are placed two or three panels and sometimes also narrow vertical planks or thick smooth colour (red, orange, royal blue or grey). Line becomes no more than the margins of these thicker textures, which are themselves contrasts of colour. Perspective is transformed into a panel of vivid colour set at angles to a panel of lighter colour, opening into it as if into a lit interior.

But colour presented at this level of complexity, with this boldness and on this scale has a decidedly totemic effect. Hoyland's paintings can be alluded to in the sort of terms George Herbert used for his 'sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave/Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye'. To explain why they stir the emotions so powerfully would entail as much of a descent into the decorative and heraldic traditions of our tribe as to do the same for Chief Shakes's screen.

Thelma Hulbert, associated in the 1930s with the Euston Road School of Coldstream and Pasmore, has not shown her paintings for ten years or more. A venetian blind, tied at the centre to form butterfly wings, floats in front of a window, the only sustained colour in the prevailing whiteness being a sharp green rectangle across the centre of the canvas; a vase of Honesty – semi-transparent brittle discs on long stalks – is set on a small table against another window, partly covered by a white blind. Diffused white light floods these paintings from behind and half obliterates the objects placed in the foreground; colour, where it is used, is clear and flat, always subordinated to the strong linear composition.

Thelma Hulbert's best pictures belong to an area of art at the furthest remove from the primitive, a place occupied by certain Chinese and Japanese artists, where the only mode of perception is a cultivated taste, dispassionate, lyrical, austere and personal. The emotions they touch have no tribal associations nor are they strictly private. Each spectator, I suspect, taking his turn in front of the painting, shares the same reaction, as if he were briefly caught in the light coming through the blind, but it is an experience, like reading lyric poetry, which is shaped there and then by the particular work and is not transferable.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Well I Never

Old World *Aldwych*
The Circle *Haymarket*
Antony and Cleopatra *Young Vic*

Old World, so the programme at the Aldwych rather truculently declares, opened in Lodz in May last year, in Moscow, Leningrad and Bucharest the following October, and is now playing in 50 theatres in the Soviet Union. Clearly, someone up there thinks well of its author, Aleksei Arbuzov, and it cannot be only because his work is so spectacularly harmless, so unsparingly innocuous. Unless the 50 Russian equivalents of Peggy Ashcroft and 50 variations on Anthony Quayle are spouting at audiences exclusively composed of usherettes, or whatever front-of-house staff is called in Kursk and Sluck, it must have some positive, pit-filling qualities.

What these might be the Bristol Old Vic suggested last April in the special season it devoted to the subject, and its tentative conclusions are all too satisfactorily ratified by the RSC. First, a gift for pathos, a talent for the pretty, rueful, throat-clutching effect, an ear for the sort of minor-key murmur Orsino summed up as having 'a dying fall'. Second, a mellow affection for his characters, a tendency to cluck like a wise old uncle over the quaintnesses he discovers in them, and a determination to leave us with the impression that, for all its passing aches and itches, life is well worth a whistle and a smile. If Arbuzov puts me in mind of any British dramatist, it is Barrie, and the Barrie of *Quality Street* and *Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire*. Nothing about his work suggests he's capable of as relatively scurrilous and subversive a piece as *The Admirable Crichton*.

Quayle is the director of a sanatorium, Ashcroft a mildly unruly patient, and the rest of humanity reduced to glacial sculptures which stand, sit or droop on the periphery of their encounters. Dame Peggy, it seems, has been escaping through the ward window to meander round the garden at midnight, returning to sing dawn arias to her fellow-convalescents, a way of life that Mr Quayle thinks anti-social. But she's the heroine of a Soviet play, and he need not have worried. Before long, she's organised half the hospital into a thoroughly therapeutic glee club of warblers and night-wanderers, and has begun to lure Mr Quayle himself from his glum isolation, a process chronicled by the dates that are projected onto the white-cardboard set between scenes. On 'her sixth day' she insults him, on 'her eleventh' playfully busts his brolly, on 'her twenty-first' dances the Charleston with him outside a restaurant, and on 'her twenty-third' visits the grave of his dead wife. It is all so languorous and uneventful that, somewhere about this stage, I began to suspect we'd have to wait for 'her ninety-fifth day' to see him pat her bottom or her rumple his beard. But sex is not everything, especially in the Soviet theatre; and the play ends before anything so immodest has occurred, on 'her thirty-first day', and with what looks like a betrothal.

The plays at Bristol indicated, and this confirms, that Arbuzov's pet subject is loneliness, and that he thinks it a rather sad condition, best avoided. People matter to one another; the present is more important than the past, relationships more reliable than memories; and, as Mr Quayle observes after his wonky heart has been playing up, 'it's good to be alive, isn't it?'. These sentiments seem about as unexceptionable as it is possible for sentiments to be without actually lapsing into silence, and no actor or actress could make them challenging or exciting. Moved is the most we could hope to be, touched the most we are, and that only because Terry Hands has managed to hire one of the few twosomes capable of injecting some variety and wit into the pale autumnal haze Arbuzov has provided. Bored is what we certainly *would* be, if it were not for the shining resilience of Dame Peggy's divorcée and (especially) the old-maidish fidgetings of Mr Quayle as he defends his widower's ramparts against her. What the good Soviet citizenry must be enduring in some of those 50 towns and 50 theatres passes imagination. Blanket coverage does

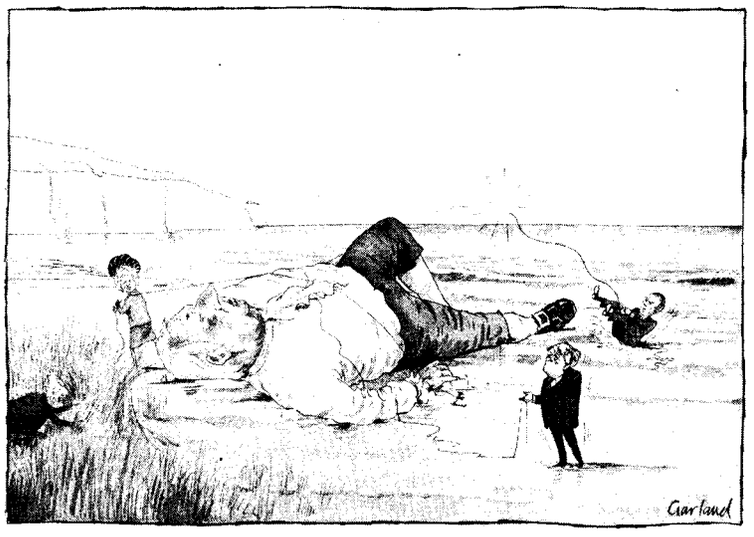
A SELECTION OF GARLAND

A wallet of prints of Garland's cartoons from the New Statesman

So many of our readers have expressed their appreciation of Garland's cartoons that we have decided to issue a collection of ten prints representative of his work for the New Statesman over the past three years.

The cartoons have been selected as outstanding examples not only of Garland's skill as draughtsman but also of the wit and perception which he brings to the passing political scene.

Together they form a unique gallery of the personalities, notable and notorious, of the day.



The cartoons are printed on high quality paper, size 8½" x 12½", and each set comes in a handsome wallet and costs only £2, post free in the UK.*

Why not give Garland collections for Christmas this year? They will be ready on 5 November — so send your order now to be sure of getting your copies in good time.

**To addresses abroad the prices are £2.50 by surface mail and £3.50 by air.*

Send your order with remittance to

TURNSTILE PRESS LTD.
10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not, it's clear, prevent the blanket in question being wet; and even if the fame of *Old World* moves through Mongolia to the Jablonovyj mountains and thence to the East Siberian Sea, it will still be what it always was, the sort of slack, soggy and undemanding triumph you must expect to get from a civilisation with no more real regard for living drama than for the washeteria or laundromat.

The history of 20th-century British drama is largely the history of 20th-century British adultery; and *The Circle* is important because it is the first firm suggestion, at any rate in the West End theatre, that a woman might be justified in committing it. Maugham clearly admires the gumption of the young wife who flees her priggish husband with a likely planter from Malaya, the more so because of the social and personal difficulties she can expect to confront. Indeed, he introduces a pair of decrepit, rather sottish lovebirds to demonstrate just how awful these can be, a ploy that transforms *The Circle* from a play of passing historical interest into one with a rather more solid claim to revival. It takes skill to suggest that two people may disappoint, betray, even ruin one another, and yet remain devoted at some unspoken level beyond love; and certainly the most impressive moment at the Haymarket comes when Googie Withers and Bill Fraser, having quarrelled publicly and often, suddenly stretch out a scrawny paw and a puffy cheek and allow themselves to be gently reconciled. If Peter Dews's production was worth carting up from Chichester, it was because of this duo – though, in justice to the overexpectant, I should confess some slight disillusion with Miss Withers, who seems to have got less aged, raddled, gilded and generally pathetic with promotion to London. Leading ladies often become a bit conscious of their status with metropolitan audiences there to judge them; but when a rather good one, cast as a tattling crone, begins to look as if she's been booked to give the keynote speech at the Woman of the Year luncheon, it's surely time to protest that our admission tickets were for another function altogether. Fortunately, Mr Fraser knows he'll never make a matinée idol, and is as creased and grouchy as ever.

Off to Alexandria for more pouchy oglings, more over-age flutings and flutterings – if it *was* Alexandria. Frank Dunlop's version of *Antony* is so hectic and harum-scarum the passing scenery might still be Dorset, though perhaps during some robed, druidical period. But at the Young Vic they're ever-mindful of what Coleridge said about *Romeo and Juliet*: even the old men normally have spring in their boots, a habit of adolescence that does much to explain the theatre's charm and popularity. If the present production lacks poise, reflectiveness, subtlety of atmosphere and discretion of speech, it is also lively enough to reconcile cranky students to their set texts. But Delphine Seyrig, though as exquisite to look at and as generous with her gestures as a six-armed Indian goddess, might still substitute a little dark intensity for some of those sad smiles; and Michael Graham Cox's crowing, strutting, puffed-up Antony often seems more fitted to be cock of a barnyard than of the world.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Dear Aunty . . .

'For the first time, the BBC gives air time to individuals,' boasted the preamble to Sunday evening's new 'correspondence column of the air', *Write On*, and – given the somewhat portentous pre-publicity – one had fleeting hopes of some acrimonious confrontations between Joe Citizen and whichever rotten power-figure he was currently disgusted with. But no such luck. The whole thing was tame and vaguely condescending, with extremely ordinary ordinary people – each of them looking more Embarrassed than Disgusted – stuck in front of an autocue and made to stumble through several paragraphs of their own disgruntled, graceless prose. One wanted to know why 529 MPs were missing from the debate about seat-belts, another – somewhat impertinently in the circumstances – demanded to be given a hand in the running of the BBC. One or two had no complaints at all, but merely wished us to show more compassion to handicapped children, or to appreciate that 'performance art' is deserving of Arts Council grants. No answers, no retorts were offered, but every so often the *Write On* team would offer televisual assistance to the correspondent; thus, the performance artist was shown doing his colourful street-sweeping act, and the girl with a handicapped young brother was taken along to a home and allowed to quiz the doctor there. No film was available of the snoozing MPs nor of the citizenry storming Langham Place.

One letter that did seem to be worth writing also raised questions about the methods of the show. A young man was shown walking along the street, in daytime, carrying a television aerial under his arm. Cut to same young man in studio complaining that a few seconds after the re-enacted scene we'd just been shown he had been approached by a constable and asked where he was going. He'd refused to say and had therefore been hauled off to the station and made to spend the night in a cell. He was refused permission to contact *anybody*, he claimed. Next day, off to the magistrates who remanded him to Brixton for another nasty night. On the third day, he was told the charges had been dropped and was set free, but was granted neither costs nor an apology. It all rang true, but was it? *Write On* had time enough to film the grim exterior of Paddington Green prison, the magistrates' court and the barbed wire on Brixton's ramparts, but gave no hint that they had visited any of these places for an explanation. Not within the scope of the programme? Well, maybe not, but then they should also be hesitant about allowing their cameras to endorse accusations which have not been checked.

Panorama's commemoration of the Hungarian uprising was a strangely shifty affair. Without downplaying the strength of the Soviet presence in Hungary, it made the place seem quite cosy and relaxed, with some people more vehemently pro-Russian than others, with some restraints here and there on freedom of expression, but with lots of Western goodies in the shops and with 'ordinary Hungarians better off, better fed, better clothed than they have ever been'.

Every now and again, the interviewer would sneer – as our interviewers tend to – at the high living standards of a rigid party-liner ('It's a nice house you've got here; isn't it a bit *bourgeois*?' 'I think so not') and we were clearly meant to scoff at the hypocrisy of the Magyar whizzkid who was supervising the construction of the Budapest Hilton on the site of a 14th-century convent; but it was fairly amiably done, and the prevailing tone was 'Come on, you're like us, admit it.' In this lulling atmosphere it somehow didn't seem as frightening as it should have to hear Hungary's leading film mogul explain why no-one made films there which expressed dissenting points of view. They didn't do so, he airily explained, because they didn't want to, and they didn't want to because there was no reason for them to want to: 'If someone wishes to make film against socialism, he can go somewhere else across the border and make it there. *Here not.*' All in all, it was as well that Movietone was on hand throughout to show us the piled bodies of those who thought another alternative might just be possible.

I've only managed to see two episodes of Benedict Nightingale's series, *The Playwright*, and I'm relieved to be assured that they were not the best. The final episode, a profile of Peter Terson, was farcically doting. Much of Nightingale's interview had to be done from the running board (or whatever it's called) of a Romany caravan which the ebullient Terson has taken to the roads with. 'Have you got anything in the pipeline at the moment?' the crouched interviewer would bellow. 'Well, if you mean by anything in the pipeline, am I writing anything, the answer's no.' The exchanges throughout were at this level, with Terson bragging about his lack of theatrical technique ('I never had any bloody skill') and apologists breaking in to explain that it didn't matter that he had no skill because – said Michael Croft – 'his vision transcends the narrow limits of craftsmanship'. We also heard at various points of Terson's 'humour, his warmth, his feeling for the underdog, his refusal to take sides', his 'amazing innocence, piercing insight', his 'extraordinary ability to be profoundly serious and richly comic at the same time' and so on. Little wonder that he had to be interviewed from a kneeling position.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Julian Barnes

Easy Reader

The sight of English poets reading their own verse is rarely invigorating. Their thin volumes padded out with reminder slips, they glue their noses to the page and are surprised, it often seems, by their own felicities. They are discreetly individual; the clerical, Eliotic tone predominates; you do not hear them so much as overhear them. At their best, they offer triumphs of low-definition performance. To hear Yevtushenko recite his poetry (from memory, naturally) is an illuminating contrast: it is not just that his vocal technique is dazzling, or that he has the advantage of belonging to a national tradition of public poetry reading begun by Mayakovsky (in the Soviet Union there are even courses for professional declaimers of poetry); but that the authority and control of his performance seem to spring from a greater confidence in poetry itself. For a poet in Russia, Yevtushenko explains, there is an incredible echo.

Last Friday, after a tour taking in London, Windsor, Newcastle and Manchester (where an offer to read in a factory canteen during the lunch hour was turned down by the management on grounds of novelty) he arrived in Oxford at the invitation of the University Poetry Society. Since his technique is developed to cater for 15,000 people in a football stadium, the Union debating hall, crammed with a mere 650, was a bizarrely over-intimate setting ('I feel like elephant in china-shop'); but even though the 'noisy Siberian François Villon', as he describes himself, was throttling back, the power and refinement of performance were clear to see. They stem, initially, from a fearless control of pace, and a confidence in the widest vocal effects: the passionate bellow, the vowels elasticated to breaking point, the voice dropping suddenly to a buzz. Frequently one is reminded of Yevtushenko's phrase about a line of poetry being 'like a slugger's hook across the chops of the ages'. The reading is also intensely physical: he moves through each poem with his whole body – feet, ankles, hips and arms are all engaged, while the fingers take in a range of expression from stabbing emphasis to a sardonic flutter of their tips. Add to this an ability to charm an audience with a quip and a wink and a burst of slangy English ('I heer you are a leetle peessed off weeth Meester Keepling'), and the performance is irresistible.

It is, of course, extremely theatrical, though far from the present English actorial tradition, as could be seen when he read with Ian McKellen earlier this month at the Festival Hall. They ended by reading alternate stanzas in English and Russian of Kipling's 'Boots'. It was a deliberately competitive reading, with McKellen for once having the advantage of the original language; but he read the verse as younger English actors do, continually sloping off into prose, and shying at strong rhythms as if they were vulgar. Yevtushenko, with a firmer belief in stress, thumped out the Russian translation and read him into the ground.

The poetry itself is hard to separate from the performance, the conjuring process by which Yevtushenko takes a drab, dry translation (read first) and, like a pantograph, transforms it into something larger and bolder. When separated, though, the poems emerge as easily accessible, public-private in a Byronic manner, and often gently amusing. Yevtushenko writes for the widest possible audience, and finds it (there were 1,600,000 advance orders for his recent collected edition). He is impatient of intellectual elites, of deliberate obscurity and of dogmatic stances of temperament ('optimism . . . pessimism – pink shit . . . black shit – life is above them'). He is critical of English poets for ignoring working-class audiences, of Western readers ('Russian readers know your literature ten times better than you know ours') and, fairly enough, of Western publishers: 'They don't publish me because I am a good poet, but because of the political scandals around my name.'

Now in his early forties, Yevtushenko is about to take a break from writing poetry. After finishing four long poems next year, he intends to concentrate on prose: as his friend and mentor Pasternak found before him, there comes a time when you realize that lyric poetry can take you only so far. In Yevtushenko's case, it is the freedom to go into scrupulous detail that attracts him about prose. His first novel, *Over the Salty Bridge*, has just been finished, and he is shortly to start on a second. In the process he has arrived at a deeper admiration for prose-writers, the 'working horses' of literature; whereas poetry, well, 'poetry you could write with half your bum on the chair'. Interestingly, he experiences frequent distaste and guilt at the process of writing:

Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Unrequited Love

Love unrequited is a crushing yoke;
But if you see love as a game, a trophy,
Then unrequited love's absurd, a joke –
Like Cyrano de Bergerac's odd profile.

One day a hard-boiled Russian in the theatre
Said to his wife, in words that clearly hurt her:
'Why does this Cyrano upset you all?
The fool!
Now I, for instance, I would never
Allow some bitch to get me in a fever . . .
I'd simply find another one – that's all.'

Behind his wife's reproachful eyes there gleamed
A beaten, widowed look of desperation.
From every pore her husband oozed, it seemed,
The lethal sweat of crude self-satisfaction.
How many are like him –
great healthy men,
Who, lacking the capacity to suffer,
Call women 'chicks' or 'broads';
it sounds much tougher.
Yet am I not myself a bit like them?
We yawn and play at shabby little passions,
Discarding hearts as though they're last year's fashions,
Afraid of tragedy,
afraid to pay.
And you and I, no doubt, are being weaklings
Whenever we, so often, force our feelings
To take the easier,
less binding way.

I often hear the inner coward whining,
From murky depths my impulse undermining:
'Hey, careful now;
don't get involved . . .'
I weakly take the line of least resistance,
And lose, who knows, from sheer lack of persistence,
A priceless chance of unrequited love.

A man who's clever and can use his head
Can always count on a response from woman,
For poor Cyrano's chivalry's not dead:
It is not men who show it now, but women.
In love you're either chivalrous
or you
Don't love.
All men of one law stand indicted:
If you can't love with love that's unrequited,
You cannot love – no matter what you do.

God grant us grace that we may know the pain
Of fruitless longing,
unreturned emotion,
Delightful torment as we wait in vain:
The hapless happiness of vain devotion.

For secretly I'm longing to be brave,
To warm my ice-cold heart with passion's burning;
In luke-warm love-affairs enmeshed,
I rave
Of unrequited love and hopeless yearning.

translated by Michael Glenny

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I don't really like to write – I hate to have a pen or pencil in my hand – a pen is so fragile, I don't like it – there's something shameful in our profession.

Even if he were to turn to prose exclusively, though, it seems improbable that he could give up his remarkable poetry readings; but he might tire of the current circuit ('students clap more, but workers' reaction is deeper'), so catch this intriguing poet and extraordinary performer before he leaves the country at the end of the month. Ably assisted by his translator Jan Butler, he will be at Portsmouth (22 October), Bristol (25), Cambridge (28), and the Lyttleton Theatre, London, on 1 November.

Weekend Competition

No 2435 Set by Stephen Corrin

Competitors are asked to compose two or three new verses of *Land of Hope and Glory*, beginning with Mrs Thatcher's line, 'Land of Beg and Borrow'. By 5 November.

Result of No 2432 Set by Gracechurch

Competitors were asked to rewrite a recent 'This England' entry in the style of any living novelist.

Report by Sir Gel

The most popular parodees were Powell, Greene, Nabokov and, funnily enough, the negligible J. P. Donleavy (probably because these writers have – how you say? – 'style', that curious condiment with which certain authors ginger up their prose); the most parodiable 'This England' entry was the one about the crazed sheik who went game-hunting with a machine gun (probably because this was the premier 'TE' item on the week 2432 was set). I lead with three of these, a Greene, a Nabokov and a Richard Adams (a clever lad, that John Digby), followed by Cheeseman's Michael Innes (about the policeman who failed to notice five bullet-holes in a victim's head). £6 each.

The priest smacked his lips.

'An excellent brandy, if I may say so, Sheik.'

The Sheik extended his right hand, which the priest, surprised, instinctively clasped in his own.

'You're a Roman,' observed the Sheik. 'That's easy to see.'

The priest smiled. 'Sometimes it's hard to tell your R.C. from your elbow,' he said.

He walked to the window. Outside the sun blazed down on the parched lawns and wilting geraniums of Takeover Hall.

'Today's The Twelfth,' said the Sheik. 'According to the laws of your strange country we can go out and kill something.'

'True,' sighed the priest. 'We are given dominion over the beasts of the field.'

From under the folds of his robe the Sheik suddenly produced a machine gun.

'No–no–not with that,' cried the priest, snatching at the weapon. There was a loud bang and the two men fell to the floor in a pool of blood.

'Merciful Allah,' gasped the Sheik.

'Precisely,' murmured the priest. 'East of Suez, God wears His other hat.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

In the formal garden, an immense geometrical dream into which the Gothic nightmares of an eccentric predecessor (Cyril, 12th Earl, 1737-1803) kept intruding (a polycephalous *chimère* atop a pointless, pointed arch, broodingly oblivious of the coy, classical Diana some 20 feet beyond), I savoured the endles oasis of the dawn, accompanied by my spaniels Levin and Stiva and by my swarthy, taciturn Zamal, arrayed disjunctively in silk robes and a periwig and carrying a scimitar. An opalescent butterfly settled uneasily on a blade of pearl-bowed grass. A squadron of starlings whirled (*khaduvi* – the verbs of this stiff and borrowed language keep failing to convey the recurrent particularity of the habitual) and dived, and the mirror-rain of fire from my machine gun exploded into crimson these mirages of the *putsch* which never, in what hack journalists like to call 'reality', pushed me into the final, heartbreaking exile from Abu Dhabi that I doubtless deserved.

PETER SCHROEDER

Zuzu, his eye glued to the peephole in the leaves, was puzzled.

'Who are these people?' he asked Tara, his wife, perched on the bough beside him.

'Not the tweedy mob out to shoot us, anyway,' Tara said reassuringly.

'That's just what fogs me,' Zuzu worried. 'They're dressed like religious nuts with nightgowns on, and towels for bandeaux.'

'And milky-milky-chocolate faces,' Tara added.

The strange figures slowly approached the pheasants' high leafy home. Something dangled from the right hand of each of them, but it was certainly no long-barrelled gun.

'They're coming here to pray,' Tara hazarded. 'They like groves, sunlit between trees, like here.'

'And what they're carrying,' agreed Zuzu relievedly, 'is for burning incense in. You'll see the little flames soon.'

Almost as he said this, the flames did burst out, viciously, with a fierce spurt of bullets.

'The inhuman buggers,' hissed Gamekeeper Tom, hiding in the rhododendrons, 'they're using *machine guns* . . .'

JOHN DIGBY

Inspector Appleby drew on his pipe.

'It is difficult to imagine how a conscientous police officer should miss five bullet holes in a man's head. Especially when the man was dead. I would have thought that, even if the police officer was distracted from such a minor detail, the doctor would have noticed them,' observed the Assistant Commissioner, tartly.

'So he might have done, if he had been, like myself, a connoisseur of modern art. You see there were five absolutely splendid pictures on the walls. A Duffet, a Guffet, a Lovatinelli pastel, as well as two first-class watercolours by Gryzchk.'

'You went to view a body not a bloody art exhibition, Appleby.'

'But the pictures were much more interesting that the bullet-holes as far as the case is concerned. You see they were all fakes. Good fakes, but nevertheless fakes, as the tests have now shown conclusively.'

'Do stop going on about those damn'd pictures,' roared the Assistant Commissioner.

'I have,' smiled Appleby, re-lighting his pipe. 'I was alluding to the bullet-holes, sir.'

M. K. CHEESEMAN

Tony Miles

Chess

No. 4 The Montilla-Moriles Tournament

The rising standards of British chess were further underlined in the recent Montilla-Moriles tournament in Spain, where Michael Stean, board 4 in the English Olympiad side, shared second place behind the reigning world champion Anatoly Karpov, and in doing so became only the second British player to score a grandmaster result in an individual tournament.

In the last few years Michael has been extremely hard to beat, but has found great difficulty in winning games himself in top-class tournaments. Witness, for example, his performances in the last two Hastings premiers. In 1974-5 he scored 13 draws and two losses, and in 1975-6 14 draws and one loss. Now, at last, he seems to have eliminated losses altogether and even managed to introduce the occasional win to his repertoire. It is to be hoped that he can reproduce this form in the Olympiad.

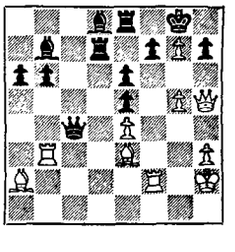
The tournament was also notable for yet another decisive first place for Karpov (his tournament record is considerably more impressive than that of his Soviet predecessors). Coming after his failure in the Manila Quadrangular – second behind the Philippine GM, Torre, with 3/6 – I feel that this was a relatively 'easy one' to recover his composure without dangerous world-class opposition with the ambition seriously to contest first place.

Anyway he certainly made it look easy, starting with 5½/6 and then coasting home with three draws. Here is how he demolished the Spanish tail-ender.

White: J. Fraguela
Black: A. Karpov

1. P-KN3, P-QB4; 2. B-N2, P-KN3; 3. P-QB4, B-N2; 4. N-QB3, N-QB3; 5. P-K3, N-R3. Avoiding the well known drawing line 5 . . . P-K3; 6. KN-K2, KN-K2 etc. **6. KN-K2, N-B4;** Preventing P-Q4. **7. P-QR3, 0-0; 8. R-QN1, P-QR4; 9. 0-0, P-Q3; 10. P-Q3, R-N1; 11. B-Q2?** In this type of position white (and also black after his next move) must try to force through the advance P-Q4. If both players achieve this then the game usually fizzles out quickly, but if one succeeds whilst restraining his opponent then the advantage is considerable. The text is a step in the wrong direction, weakening his control of his own Q4 square. Hence P-N3 followed by B-N2 was preferable. **11 . . . P-K3; 12. N-B4?** Now white will never play P-Q4. **12 . . . N(B4)-K2!; 13. Q-B2, P-N3; 14. QR-Q1, B-N2; 15. N-N5, Q-Q2; 16. QB-B3, N-K4; 17. P-K4, P-Q4; 18. KR-K1, P-Q5; 19. B-Q2, B-QB3; 20. P-QR4.** Removing his last hope of counterplay (P-QN4). Now white's N(N5) is cut off from the rest of the game. Karpov quietly switches the action to the K-side. **20 . . . B-N2; 21. B-QB1, QR-K1; 22. KN-R3, N(K4)-B3; 23. P-B4; P-K4; 24. R-B1, P-B4.** With the inevitable opening of the position the weakness of white's K3 square and his stranded N are decisive. **25. BP x P, N x P; 26. P x P, N x KBP; 27. N-B4, B-R3!** In order to exchange black-squared bishops and thus exaggerate the weakness of K3 white should try to maintain his N on B4. Instead he positively cooperates. **28. N-Q5, B x B; 29. Q x B, B x N!** White's bishop is useless. **30. B x B ch, K-N2; 31. B-K4, N-K6; 32. R x R, R x R; 33. R-K1, Q-R6$ Resigns.** He is powerless to prevent . . . R-B7† if 34. Q-Q2, Q-B8 ch.

Problem 4:
White to play. How should he continue? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN as usual. Postmarked not later than Wednesday, 3 Nov. Solution in two weeks.

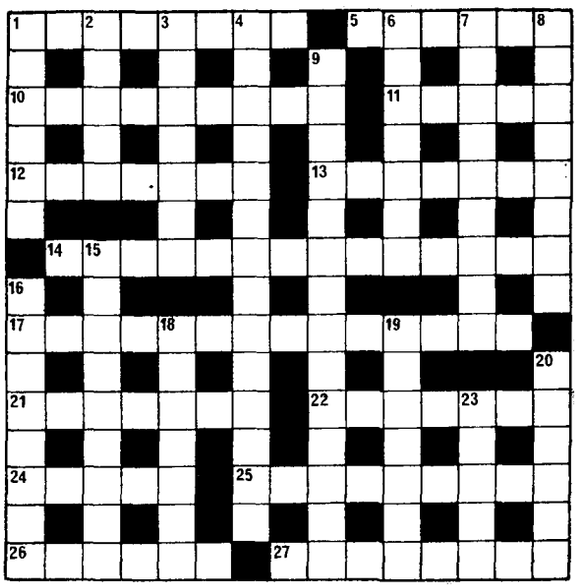


Solution to Problem 2
1 . . . P x R!; 2. N x Q, P x P ch; 3. K-R1, R-B8!; 4. Q-K8 ch, N-N1; 5. Q-K2, R x R ch; 6. Q x R, R x N; 7. P-KN3, R-KB3; 8. K-N2, N-K2; 9. K-R3, N-Q4; 10. P-N3, N-K6; Resigns.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1187

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1187, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 November.



ACROSS

1. It never meets the one that goes with it (8).
5. Farms for a crime writer (6).
10. Deputy head makes fighting retreat on a naval vessel (9).
11. With no backing the philosopher would form a body of soldiers (5).
12. Bitterness was in control of most of the people at the palace (7).
13. Rested among others in an old sanctuary (7).
14. Sales investigation badly harms racketeer (6, 8).
17. Rude barter I use for distributing concealed wealth (6, 8).
21. They hate me, so I see men being ruined (7).
22. Headgear for sailor attached to wild country (7).
24. He exercises a right of majority although he may be in the minority (5).
25. Maintain nothing is wrong in being alive (9).
26. Plays for a drink in the streets (6).
27. What is very fine gives encouragement before an unpleasant experience (8).

DOWN

1. Problems for those who put on an act (6).
2. Bird almost getting dressed (5).
3. Nonsense writer is in field with hay (7).
4. Sends a letter all over the place about mother being a senior politician (5, 9).
6. I send a letter enclosed in the second note and this is the reply (7).
7. 'Either a coward or a ——' *(J. Caesar)* (9).
8. Puts up with marksmen going up and surrounding a Scot (8).
9. Sign people on, Town, for this promising match (10, 4).
15. One who hires out space for correspondence? (9).
16. Watches over Bess improperly (8).
18. Saying when one animal turns up without another (7).
19. Groups of classes have different masters (7).
20. Acid which is no help in solution (6).
23. If one is in tune possibly get into harmony (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1185

Prizewinners to No 1185

Reynir Axelsson (Reykjavik)
J. B. Pugh (Belfast)
David Ealey (Leigh-on-Sea)

APPOINTMENTS

READVERTISEMENT

ROSSIE SCHOOL, MONTROSE

Applications are invited for the post of
HEAD

of this List 'D' School for Senior boys, aged 14 years and over, which will fall vacant on 1 April 1977. The school has accommodation for 90 boys and also has a closed unit for 35 boys. Applicants should be qualified teachers or social workers, and should have had appropriate experience of the residential care of difficult children

Good administrative experience is essential. Salary is in the range of £6,843 to £9,852 with placing according to qualifications and experience. A four bedroom house is available at a charge, presently, of £20.93 monthly (inclusive of rent and rates) and the successful applicant will be expected to occupy it. Applicants should give full personal details including information regarding degrees and diplomas obtained, and details of posts held, all with dates. Also included should be the names and addresses of two referees. Completed applications should be sent to the Official Correspondent, Rossie School, Montrose, Angus DD10 9TW to reach him by 3 November 1976. Intending applicants may visit the school by appointment with the present Headmaster.

Candidates who previously applied for this post need not re-apply.

BUSINESS CAREERS: Discuss matters with a trained Interviewer. Call and discover the surprisingly wide range of career opportunities in Central London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 836 6644.

MONASH UNIVERSITY
Melbourne, Australia
DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS
LECTURER

Appointment will be for three year term with possibility of conversion to tenure. A particularly well qualified applicant may be appointed at senior lecturer level. Applications are invited from specialists in any area of economics, preferably outside international economics. Most lecturers teach within their specialisation as well as within more general courses. The Department is vigorously pursuing a graduate programme and is introducing a course work Masters degree in 1977. Salary: Lecturer $A13,551-$A17,993 per annum. Senior Lecturer $A18,390-$A21,536 per annum. Superannuation, Travelling and removal allowance, Repatriation, Temporary housing assistance, Study Leave after conversion to tenure only. Information and application procedure available from the Academic Registrar, Monash University, Wellington Road, Clayton, Victoria 3168 Australia or the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H OPF. Inquiries to Professor R. H. Snape in the University. Closing date 30 November 1976.

EDINBURGH AREA. Tutoring co-operative is contemplated. Tel: 031-447 5070.

THE YOUNG LIBERAL MOVEMENT needs a National Organiser, to start on 15 November. Must be committed, patient, long-suffering and slow to anger. Details from Simon Hebditch, 740 Fulham Rd, London SW6 (01-731 2969 eves) to whom applications should be sent by Friday, 29 October.

LONDON NW3: The Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required for January 1977, an experienced, graduate teacher (Science). Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply in writing to Dr Paul at above address.

GENERAL & MUNICIPAL WORKERS' UNION
requires
A RESEARCH ASSISTANT

A vacancy will arise in the Research Department at GMWU Headquarters. The Department is responsible for servicing National Industrial Officers, and preparing briefing and memoranda for the union generally. Industrial and trade union experience would be a distinct advantage, as would a degree or qualification in economics, industrial relations or Company Accounting. Salary scale: £3,249 - £3,950 per annum. Applications with career information to: **L. Whitty, Research Officer, GMWU, Thorne House, Ruxley Ridge, Claygate, Esher, Surrey KT10 0TL** by 10 November.

Granada Television's

WORLD IN ACTION

is expanding its investigation team

We are looking for someone (possibly two people) interested in both television and careful, painstaking research – often spread over many months.

Please apply by 5 November to Robert Connell, Personnel Manager, Granada Television, Manchester M60 9EA

GRANADA TELEVISION

EIS

ASSISTANT SECRETARY (LEGAL & SALARIES)

Particulars from:

The General Secretary
Educational Institute of Scotland
46 Moray Place
EDINBURGH EH3 6BH

£6,510 - £7,458

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINDLY SENIOR HOUSEPARENTS required in small working community for 13 mentally handicapped adults. Experience an advantage. Accommodation and full board. Salary negotiable. Application forms from the Secretary, Acorn Village Trust, Mistley Hall, Manningtree, Essex CO11 2NJ. Telephone Manningtree (020639) 4124.

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

GENERAL & MUNICIPAL WORKERS' UNION

requires

A LEGAL OFFICER

to work in the Research Department at Claygate. Duties include: advice on all aspects of labour law, some representation and advocacy, some teaching, some writing and drafting, running the union's Advice Bureau. Qualifications and experience in industrial law essential; trade union background desirable.

Applications with career information to: **L. Whitty, Research Officer, GMWU, Thorne House, Ruxley Ridge, Claygate, Esher, Surrey KT10 0TL** by 10 November.

BELSIZE UNITED TENANTS' ASSOCIATION

in conjunction with Paddington Churches Housing Association need to appoint, urgently, experienced people as:

1. HOUSING MANAGER
2. MAINTENANCE MANAGER

for an estate, jointly owned by 240 leaseholders and 87 tenancies, in Belsize Park, North West London.

Salary Housing Manager SO 1/2 £4,986 - £5,739
Maintenance Manager AP 4/5 £4,113 - £4,842
inclusive of London Weighting and Cost-of-living supplement.

Apply for application form and details to:
John Clark, Paddington Churches Housing Association Ltd., 296 Willesden Lane, London NW2. Telephone: 01-459 8622.

WESTWARD TELEVISION
TELEVISION JOURNALISTS

Westward TV requires two Reporters of proven journalistic ability to work on news and current affairs programmes. Applicants should be thoroughly familiar with TV film and studio techniques.

One of the vacancies should appeal to applicants with a specific interest in women's and children's programmes.

A knowledge of the West country is desirable for these Plymouth based posts. The salary will be in accordance with NUJ scales or age and experience and re-location assistance may be available.

Previous applicants will receive reconsideration and need not apply. Written applications, giving full details, together with a recent photograph, should be forwarded to **the Personnel Manager, Westward TV Limited, Derry's Cross, Plymouth, PL1 2SP,** before 30 October 1976.

Policy Assistant

The Society of Civil & Public Servants

is a TUC-affiliated trade union with over 100,000 members. The union represents middle-management staff in the Civil Service, the Post Office and other public sector areas, and, because of expansion, requires an additional Policy Assistant. The successful candidate will be someone who is interested in trade union work, of graduate quality and capable of analysing new legislation and new developments and advising on policy options. He/she will work direct to the Deputy General Secretary of the Society, and also for the Assistant General Secretary, but will be required to co-operate with the Research Department in providing an overall research and policy advice service. The areas of work in which he/she will be particularly involved include — Personnel Management issues (Career Development, Promotion Procedures, Training etc.); Management techniques (e.g. O & M); conditions of service; and problems of computer staff — expertise in these areas will be an advantage.

The post will be located at the Headquarters of the Society in Central London. The salary scale is from £3,900 to £4,700 plus Inner London Weighting £465 p.a. and Pay Supplement £313.20 p.a. 30 days' annual leave. Non-contributory pension scheme.

Applications are invited for this appointment and should include particulars of age, present and previous employment, trade union experience and any educational qualifications. These must be received not later than 5 November 1976, addressed to: **The General Secretary, Society of Civil & Public Servants, 124/126 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU.**

ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND/ DETACHED YOUTH WORK PROJECT

EXPERIENCED PLAYLEADER

wanted for well established playground in a multi-racial, redevelopment, dockland area. The playground is well equipped, with a building, catering for 3-16 year olds.

To make up a team of five, workers responsible to a local residents management group. Permanent appointment. Help with removals. Salary £2,395 – to be reviewed Dec. A/f+full details from P.C.P.A., 84 Mendalgief Rd, Newport, Gwent.

Tel. 65171 or 211510.

CENTRE FOR STUDIES IN SOCIAL POLICY

SECRETARY

required in connection with an Anglo-German project on the decline in fertility. Must be accurate typist able to cope with statistical tables. Other duties include travel arrangements, setting up meetings, filing etc. Knowledge of German desirable.

Salary in range £2,700-£3,255. Write or phone Mr Adams at 62 Doughty Street, London WC1N 2LS. (01-242 7295).

THE PERFORMERS ALLIANCE

(The Musicians' Union and British Equity) requires a

RESEARCH OFFICER

The emphasis of the job will be on the broadcasting, film and the recording industries. Successful applicants will be responsible for setting up and administering a new research unit. Research qualifications or relevant trade union experience an advantage. Salary negotiable but not less than £4,500.

Apply Joint Secretaries, Performers Alliance, 8 Harley Street, London W1.

LONDON NW3: The Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required for January 1977 an experienced, preferably Froebel-trained teacher for 7-9 year olds. Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply, in writing, to Dr Paul at above address.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

COLLEGE LEAVER Secretaries preferring Social Services, Charities and The Arts in general will prefer to find their first post through the College Leaver Specialist at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes
603 2865/602 3719
33 Norland Rd, London W11.

Fellowships

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

SIMON FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for research Fellowships in any of the Social Sciences, including Law and Education, tenable during the academic session 1977/78. Values normally within the range of £3,174-£6,447 p.a. (Simon Research Fellowships) or £6,234-£7,743 p.a. (Simon Senior Research Fellowships) according to qualifications and experience.

HALLSWORTH FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for advanced work in the field of Political Economy (including Industry and Public Administration). Value within the range £3,174-£9,280 p.a. according to experience and qualifications.

Further particulars and application forms (returnable by 1 December) are obtainable from the Registrar, The University, Manchester M13 9PL, and inquiries about the scope of the Fellowships are welcomed. Please quote ref: 180/76/NS, and state for which Fellowship details are required.

Personal

WRITERS WRITING WEEKEND, Berkshire 13/14 Nov. A different training for writers (and beginners). Sympathetic small group. Party. Make friends. J. Wesolowski, 30A Arundel Square, London N7. (607 4172).

POETS, your own magazine! 'Poetry for All', Braeside, Kenardington, Ashford, Kent.

PREGNANT? About 20 weeks married or unmarried, to assist in study. All the better if you can write. Top fees paid. Box 5628.

BODYMIND METHODS (Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support)) can be integrated. To find out how, inquire Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3.

PSYCHOTHERAPY? Come to AGIP for individual or group sessions. Write to the Secretary, 29 St Mark's Crescent, NW1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

MALE, mid-30s, 5'11", runs own business, interests include theatre, music, food, seeks female companion, London. Box 5586.

POST-GRADUATE STUDENT, mid-20s, (Arab) would like to meet a female for social activities. (Midlands). Box 5497.

LADY, SEPARATED, wishes to meet a kind, considerate, well-educ. cultured man. She is 42, brunette, very attractive. Box 5581.

ARE YOU AN INTELLIGENT MAN, sixty-ish, looking for a committed relationship with a feminine prof. woman? I live in London. My interests include left politics, music, table-tennis, home-making. Box 5421.

JOAN REMICK Marriage and Friendship Bureau. A unique personal service. 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 589 7567.

'NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR, ALONE'. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients' prayers! Write or 'phone London's premier intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU, Katharine Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Sedley Pl., W1. 499 2556.

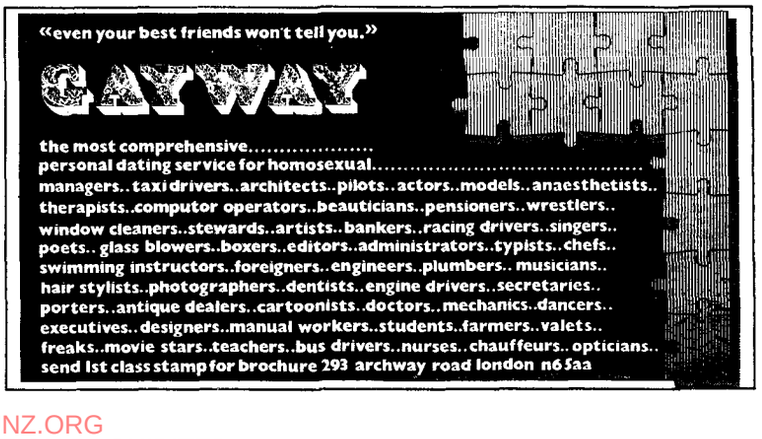
FRIENDSHIP MARRIAGE CENTRE caters for educated people, all ages, nationwide. Est. 10 yrs. Confidential details to: M/C, 74m Amhurst Park, London N16.

DO YOU SINCERELY WISH TO BE HAPPY?

If you are lonely remember there are others like you everywhere.

Allow us to bring you together. Write now to:

'Yours Sincerely',
94a Brompton Road,
London SW3.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

School

THE NEW SCHOOL. King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Accom. Vacant

SW4. Small bed-sit in quiet house, cooking facilities, share bath & w.c. 622 5734.

HAMPSTEAD. Sgle bed-sit. for young, working m. grad. £8.50 p.w. Tel. 435 8109.

SHARE LARGE W. HAMPSTEAD FLAT with 1 male (University lecturer). Own room, lounge, kitchen, bathroom, TV, phone etc. Pleasant area, £70 p.c.m. Phone 435 4247 or 836 5454 ext. 2392 (day).

TRANSLATOR, (f), offers attractive room, Kew Gardens, use k.&b. Suit prof. woman. Box 5618.

WINTER LET OF COTTAGE in idyllic countryside, South Wales. Huge lounge, 2 bedrooms, on edge of forestry commission. £22 p.w. inclusive heating, cheaper if paid in one lump sum. 01-883 4039.

MARBLE ARCH. Room available in quiet house for man working Mon.-Fri. in London. 4/5 nights: £10. Box 5585.

HIGHGATE/ISLINGTON BORDERS. Woman to share large late-Victorian house. Own room. Garden. £10 p.w. excl. Box 5570.

VISITING ACADEMICS. We have a large selection of flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & London University. Helen Watson & Co. 636 5538.

Accom. Wanted

TWO FEMALE MUSIC STUDENTS seek s/c. flat, 2 rms, k. & b. in S. Kensington area. Willing to cook/clean as part payment. References available. Tel. 794 3496.

RETIRED AMERICAN PROFESSOR & wife need 1/2 bedroom flat for 6/8 weeks starting mid-Jan 1977. Preferably Hampstead near tube & shops but also interested in area nr University & British Museum. 485 2868.

ARTIST seeks low-rent flat for living and working. In or near London. Tel. 607 4146.

HELEN WATSON & CO. require flats for visiting academics. 637 4863.

Property

BARGAIN HOUSE in Brixton: 5 bedrooms, 26ft recep. room, kit.-diner, 2 bathrooms, Central heating. Small garden. £16,850 or offer. Please ring 622 2259 after 3 p.m.

Holidays

TAKE OFF WITH MAN AROUND

Spread your wings in Amsterdam, Athens, Berlin, Copenhagen, Hamburg or Paris. We'll arrange a long weekend in a gay hotel so you can discover the delights of a European city.

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE . . . MAN AROUND . . . a travel service with men in mind.

FOR A BROCHURE with full details write to:

MAN AROUND LTD.,
186 KENSINGTON CHURCH ST.,
LONDON W8 4DP or phone
01-229 4349/0806

LANZAROTE
CANARY ISLANDS

For Winter Sunshine

Luxury villas with private pools or inexpensive beachside apartments, Taverna in unsophisticated fishing village. All inclusive air holidays from Gatwick.

Details from: Lanzarote Villas, Oastside, Cudham, Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel. Biggin Hill 73528. (ATOL 803 B).

Cheapest Flights

to Australia, NZ, Tokyo, Manila, & Far East. Excursion fares to US., Canada & Caribbean. Daily Charters to NY. Inclusive Tour Fares to Europe & Middle East. Special Fare to S. America & Africa.

Kaydee Travel
30 Gt. Windmill St, W1
01-734 9181

Go like this...

If you have a friend ... Who owns, or is the letting agent for a villa or apartment abroad, which you want to rent for a holiday we can provide the flights to get you there, cheaply and legally. If you just want to travel around we can throw in some amazingly unattractive accommodation for next to nothing to conform with package tour regulations. You may think it amusing to book through Arthur Blenkinsop's Aerial Bucketshop, but the Civil Aviation Authority frowns on fly-by-nights in the travel business, and there's not a lot of hilarity to be had out of being 'bounced' from the flight you paid to travel on. Arthur Blenkinsop probably wont understand either when you ask for your money back. He'll probably direct you to his second-hand bicycle shop or suggest you become a long-distance pedestrian. PLAY IT SAFE. The flights listed below are all by superbly maintained modern jet aircraft of Laker Airways from Gatwick Airport. Prices are per person and represent the air content of the inclusive holiday cost.

Destination	Summer (April-October) 1977 Departure Day	Air Content	Winter (November-March) 1976/77 Departure Day	Air Content
Alicante	Sat/Tues	from £45	Sat/Tues	£37
Almeria	Thurs	£45	—	—
Arrecife	Thurs	£65	Thurs	£53
Ajaccio	Fri	£59	Fri/Mon	£48
Corfu	Mon	£55	—	—
Heraklion	Wed	£64	—	—
Las Palmas	Mon	£68	Sun	£56
Malaga	Sun	£48	Sun	£41
Mahon	Sat/Mon	£40	—	—
Palma	Sat	£42	Fri/Sat/Mon	£31
Reus	Sun	£42	—	—
Rhodes	Tues	£71	—	—
Rome	—	—	Fri/Mon	£38
Tenerife	Sun	£70	Sun	£56
Venice	Sun	£49	—	—

Meridian Tours Ltd
7 Hanover Street, London W1R 9HH
Tel: 01-493 0641/9171

Christmas Gifts

'THE BLIND GIRL' is one of 12 colour reproductions in the 1977 Pre-Raphaelite Calendar, published by Birmingham Museums and Art Gallery and the Arts Council. 17" x 8", with envelope, £2.60 inc. VAT and postage. Publications Unit, BMAG, Congreve Street, Birmingham B3 3DH.

HERETIC CARDS (anti-Xmas). S.a.e. details or £1 range. BS, 6 Stanstead Grove, SE6.

Give Chinese books and arts for gifts.

We stock London's largest selection of Chinese Books and a fine range of prints and Objets d'Arts. Near Mornington Crescent tube.

Come and see

EAST ASIA BOOKS & ARTS CO.
277 EVERSHOLT ST, NW1.
01-387 3531.

UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

Over 400 million children in more than 60 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America are in danger of starvation.
Massive aid, both immediate and long-term, is needed now. Otherwise as many as 30% of these children will die before they are four years old, and survivors could become an entire generation of stunted, diseased, blind or mentally retarded people.
This is not special pleading. It is stark, horrible fact.

And yet just 10 UNICEF greeting cards will provide:
90 injections against smallpox
200 vitamin capsules to protect 100 children from blindness.

When you send UNICEF greeting cards this Christmas you really are sending good wishes that are worthwhile!

Send for illustrated brochure to :

Room 3, United Nations Children's Fund
84 Broomfield Road,
Chelmsford, Essex.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes & Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts. 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

MANUSCRIPTS etc. typed and/or translated rapidly, reasonably. Translitor. 622 8127.

RAINBOW OFFICE SERVICES for efficient typing and duplicating. Collection and delivery by arrangement. Phone 460 3430.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

PETER COXSON Literary/Academic. London: 584 0198; 876 5306. Export/Mail Order Dept, Pococks, Hawkley, Liss, Hants.

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intelligent accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50–£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

Student Notice Board

JOIN THE YOUNG FABIANS. Over the last three years Young Fabians have published pamphlets dealing with Europe, gypsies, devolution and many other subjects. Young Fabians receive each pamphlet free as soon as it is published as well as pamphlets from the Fabian Society. If you are interested in helping to form Party policy in writing pamphlets and taking part in summer schools, study groups and seminars contact the Membership Secretary (NS), 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1.

STUDENTS come in all varieties as do their accommodation needs. All offers of single rooms, double rooms, flats, houses, etc. very welcome. Ring London University 405-7686 ext: 468.

ANTI BLOOD SPORTS? Why not form your own anti fox-hunting group? Full details: Hunt Saboteurs Association, P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent.

PAY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD at the Almost Free Theatre. See back page for fuller details.

BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSOCIATION. For full details of our activities 'phone 01-242 5538 office hours.

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept, & married couples dept. Monthly Journal. Free broch. S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warks.

Word Power

Improve Your Word Power. Of 800,000 words in the English language, most people use only 1,000. Test your vocabulary by completing our simple, free test, and find out about a course to expand your powers of communication and comprehension. Details from Dept. NS, BCM-Academy, London WC1V 6XX.

THIS IS THE SIGN OF THE NUS GRANT STRETCHER - THE NATIONAL STUDENT DISCOUNT SCHEME

It has been developed exclusively for NUS members and it saves students an average of 10% at 11,000 outlets - shops, restaurants, cinemas, services etc throughout the country. The scheme is incorporated in a 400 page handbook and personal identity card and saves you money through to the end of September '77.

The card and handbook are sold together and cost £2. They're available now from all **Endsleigh Insurances** and **NUS Travel** shops and many student unions. Or send an S.A.E. to **National Student Discount Scheme**, P.O. Box 190, London WC1 for an application form with all the details by return of post.

R.&J. BALDING (BOOKS) LTD.

5&25 St.Stephen Street, Edinburgh
EH3 5AN TELEPHONE: 031-225 6895

ANTIQUARIAN, RARE & SCHOLARLY BOOKS

Visitors to Edinburgh are invited to inspect our stock at our showrooms. We are available usual business hours; weekends and evenings by appointment.

IN ADDITION TO OUR REGULAR MONTHLY CATALOGUES, *WE ARE ALSO PREPARING A CATALOGUE OF EARLY MAPS AND ATLASES,* WE WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND A COPY UPON REQUEST.

SUPPORT THE POST OFFICE

Contribute to the Post Office's viability by taking out a subscription to the New Statesman. Nationalised Industries deserve your custom. So do we.

A one-year student sub in the U.K. costs a mere £8 (multiply the cover price by 52 to see how cheap that is). You could try it for six-months for a ridiculous £4.

If you want to save some money complete the form below (or use your own paper) and send it with your remittance to:

Kingsley Canham, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Student at ..... Dept. ..... Final Year.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2379

Contents

534 **James Fenton:** Mr Callaghan's Energy Gap
535 **Richard Kershaw:** Rhodesia: The Buck Stops
536 **Alexander Cockburn:** Pestilence and the President
537 **Phillip Whitehead:** The Perils of PR
538 **Paul Murray:** The Jobless Youth Trap
540 **Wilfred Beckerman:** The Value of Milton Friedman
542 **Robert Skidelsky:** Where Import Controls Came In
544 **Profile of Nigel Dempster**
545 **Jeremy Bentham:** Ombudsmice
546 **Crucifer:** London Diary
548 **Michael Rank:** Student Politics in Shanghai
549 **C. H. Rolph:** Drink and the Devil
550 **Letters to the Editor**

Books and Arts
553 ***Arthur Marshall:*** Noël Coward
560 **Robert Melville:** David Hockney

Other reviews by John Sturrock, Blair Worden, Marina Warner, John Carey, Valentine Cunningham, *Claire Tomalin*, Peter Wilby, Russell Davies, Mervyn Jones, Mary Ellmann, Susannah Clapp
570 **John Coleman:** Films
571 **M. C. Bradbrook:** Edith Evans
572 **John Spurling:** Art
573 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
574 **Ian Hamilton:** Television
575 **Julian Barnes:** Yevtushenko
576 **Weekend Competition and Chess**
Poem by Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Exhibition

L. S. LOWRY. Original lithographs, his only graphic work £235 plus VAT. Ganymed, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

Theatres

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert Street, W1. 01-485 6224. Opening 25 Oct. 'A-A-America' (two new plays) by Edward Bond. In repertoire 1.15 daily.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Clouds', Michael Frayn's excellent new play . . . 'poignantly & unerringly funny' Gdn. Nightly 8. Sats. 5 & 8.

IPSWICH THEATRE, 0473 53725. G. B. Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple'. 21 Oct.-6 Nov.

OLIVIER (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight 7.30 Tomorrow & Wed. 2.15 & 7.30, Tues. 7 p.m. 'Il Campiello' by Carlo Goldoni, Thurs. 7.30 'Playboy of the Western World'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open eve. performances.

ROYAL COURT. 7.30 1745. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. Last week 'Mother's Day' a comedy by David Storey.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
70p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.00
Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight 7.45. Tomorrow 2.30 & 7.45 'Weapons of Happiness' by Howard Brenton. Tues. & Fri. 7.45, Sats 2.30 & 7.45 'Jumpers'. Wed. 7.45, Thurs. 2.30 & 7.45 'Blithe Spirit'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open eve. performances.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 'Arsenic and Old Lace' by Joseph Kesselring, with Barbara Mullen, Mary Kerridge & Francis Matthews.

UNITY THEATRE: 1 Goldington Cres. Office open Mon. & Wed. 10-1. Tel. 722 9089.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. To 23 Oct. Christopher Hampton's 'The Philanthropist'. 27-30 Oct. John Webster's 'The Duchess of Malfi'. Details RADA, 62 Gower St. WC1. 01-637 7076.

NUFFIELD THEATRE CLUB
University of Lancaster
MON./TUE./WED./ 25/26/27 OCTOBER at 8 p.m.
ORBIT presents
THE TWO OF US
by Michael Frayn
A North West Arts Circuit Promotion
Membership/Tickets — (0524) 65201 Ext 4335

Entertainments

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO—Poetry and discussion Tues. 26 Oct. 7.30 p.m.-9.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Adm. 50p. Org. by London District Communist Party.

Restaurants

T. A. LAYTON WINE BAR. 12 Esterbrooke Street (off Vincent Square). SW1. 828 5211.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Hobbes's Behemoth as a Theory of Civil War' will be given by Professor Dr B Willms (University of Bochum) on 28 October 1976 at the London School of Economics (Board Room), Houghton Street, London WC2 at 5.0. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A course of two Lectures in Romance Languages and Literatures will be given by Madame Francoise van Rossum-Guyon (Universiteit van Amsterdam) at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1. The dates are as follows: 1) 27 October A Propos d'une Description de Balzac: Rhétorique et Productivité. 2) 28 October: L'écriture Féminine Comme Ecriture D'avant-Garde. Both lectures will be held at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Inflation and Competition' will be given by Professor Christian V. Weiszacker (University of Bonn) on the 25 October 1976 at The London School of Economics, (Old Theatre), Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE at 5 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 26 Oct. 'An extract from Tony Hancock's 'The Blood Donor'; 28 Oct. 'The Two Metrics of Calculation and Judgment' by Mr B. C. Brookes.

AFRICA CENTRE: 'The Transkei – what kind of Independence?' Talk by Paolo Jordan, functionary of ANC (S. Africa). Thursday 28 October 6.30 p.m. Adm: 40p, Students: 25p. 38 King St. WC2. 836 1973.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Eric Moonman MP on 'The Case Against Devolution'. 27 Oct. 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection: all welcome.

ZAMBIA SOCIETY. Meeting on 'The Great Uhuru Railway'. Hugh Peyman speaking on his book followed by a film on the Tanzam Railway. 6.30 p.m. Africa Centre, Tuesday 26 October 1976.

'TRAINING AND PRACTICE IN BODY Therapies'. A discussion on the dangers to the therapist, to the client, to the methods/truths and illusions whereby therapy is or is not actually occuring. Lecture given by Jay Stattman on Monday 25 Oct. commencing 8 p.m. Centre for Bioenergy, Acacia House, Centre Avenue, The Vale, London W.3. 01-743 2437.

ANTI-DEAR FOOD CAMPAIGN meeting Mon. 25 Oct. 7 p.m. Church Hall, (downstairs) next St Giles Church, Barbican, EC2. Speakers Dr Roy Douglas, Michael Minter, S. W. Alexander.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 23 Oct. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 26 Oct. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 27 Oct. 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture 'An Introduction to Mindfulness' – Rear Admiral E. H. Shattock. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 24 Oct. 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, programme of talks. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 3AL.

Courses

REPORT FROM CHINA. A weekend residential course 12/14 November. Two Sinologists report upon their visit earlier this year. Details: Box E. Extra-Mural Dept, University of Manchester M13 9PL.

BUDDHISM
A free introductory meeting to our new short courses this Sunday 4 p.m. at:
The Friends Meeting House, 120 Heath Street NW3.
Or write or phone for details to:
BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSN. 8 Hatton Gdn, London EC1 01-242 5538 (office hrs).

ASSOCIATION FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOTHERAPY TRAINING COURSE 1976-1979
Applicants, analysed or intending to have an analysis with a recognised psychotherapist and having academic or professional experience relevant to working with people.
The three year course comprises weekly seminars, ongoing groups, supervision for first patients.
Write to:
The Secretary, A.G.I.P., 29 St Marks Crescent, London NW1.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or tel 0865-54231 (24 hrs.).

Publications

SUBSCRIBE TO THE QUARTERLY Release Newsletter – the bulletin that keeps you in touch with all the fields that Release works in: drugs and the law, police activity, squatting, festivals, abortion etc. £1.50 per year to Release Publications, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St. London SW13.01-876 7254.

HOMOSEXUALS READ
GAY NEWS
Available fortnightly from Newsagents or send £1 for trial subscription (4 issues) to Gay News (Dept NS) 1A Normand Gardens Greyhound Road London W14 9SB

THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

Guozi Shudian, China Publications Centre, Peking
Subscriptions for magazines direct from China.

	1 year	2 years	3 years
PEKING REVIEW (weekly)	£1.80	£2.70	£3.60
CHINA PICTORIAL (monthly)	£1.50	£2.25	£3.00
CHINA RECONSTRUCTS (monthly)	£1.20	£1.80	£2.40
CHINESE LITERATURE (monthly)	£1.50	£2.25	£3.00

A beautiful Chinese calendar will be sent to each subscriber for 1977.

Please send order and subscription to:
BELLMAN BOOKSHOP, 155 Fortess Road, London NW5, UK.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED